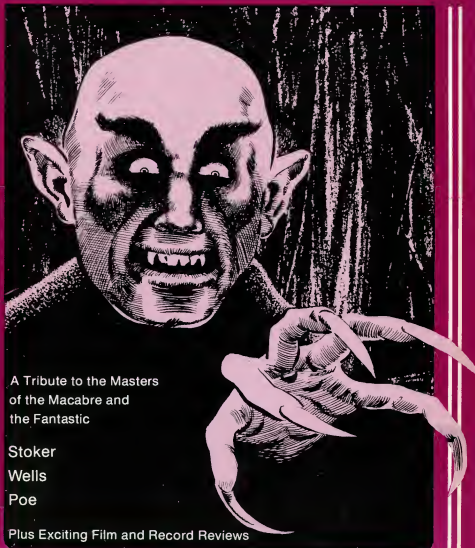


COLLECTOR'S ISSUE

NUMBER ONE

CINEMACABRE

an appreciation of fantastic films



A Tribute to the Masters
of the Macabre and
the Fantastic

Stoker
Wells
Poe

Plus Exciting Film and Record Reviews



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CINEMACABRE

(formerly BLACK ORACLE)

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THE DRACULA COVERS FRONT: Max Schreck portraying the first Dracula in *Nosferatu* (Germany, UFA, 1922), recreated by Tim Johnson.

INSIDE FRONT: Bela Lugosi in Universal's 1931 *Dracula* bids you welcome to the first issue of *Cinemacabre*.

INSIDE BACK: Christopher Lee as the infamous count in the British Hammer color version of 1958, *Horror of Dracula*.

BACK: Louis Jourdan in the 1978 *Count Dracula*, a three-part presentation on *Great Performances* from the Public Broadcasting Service.

EDITORIAL

Welcome to the first issue of *Cinemacabre*.

We've been talking about this title change and new format for a long time in *Black Oracle* and we hope that it lives up to our promises and your expectations. A lot of good people have been involved in all aspects of the creation of *Cinemacabre*...talented people with imagination and the desire to produce a quality fanzine devoted to an appreciation of the Fantastic.

To begin with, the title may be attributed to Del Winans who originally conceived the idea of *Cinema Macabre*. Rich Dixon, however, cleverly combined the two words for Gary Svehla, who considered using it as one of the alternative titles to replace *Gore Creatures*. Gary eventually decided upon *Midnight Marquee* and graciously consented to let us have *Cinemacabre*.

Though new in title and format, we felt that we should retain one of the most prominent features of *Black Oracle's* personality...the one that attracted most readers. Like *Black Oracle*, *Cinemacabre* will remain cosmopolitan--diversified in its coverage of all fields of the fantastic, whether they be horror, fantasy, or science fiction, pleasingly presented through prose, poetry, and art. Articles may be scholarly. Some will be just fun to read. Or one or two might even make you mad. In this respect, *Black Oracle* lives on.

John E. Parnum

Gratitude is a pale reward for the remarkable assemblage of talents represented within these pages, and yet we offer it with sincerity. I would like, in particular, to thank Harry Geduld, a respected and prolific purveyor of artistic commentary whose provocative prose is sure to enliven our premier issue. Harry is the resident film critic for *The Humanist*, as well as the author of such books as *The Birth of the Talkies*, *Robots Robots Robots*, and *The Girl in the Hairy Paw*.

Bill Levers has designed our new department headings, and has begun what may be a new phase of his career in creating a fantastic depiction of strange life on other worlds. His sobering visualization, reminiscent of the works of the late Virgil Finlay, adorns *The Hills of Mars* elsewhere in this issue.

We again salute the ever-emerging talent of New York artist Tim Johnson who has given us a striking cover interpretation of Murnau's hideous *Nosferatu*, as well as George Pal's noble time traveller.

Finally, a note of personal thanks to Shelley Toren, a lovely and special young lady whose understanding and encouragement inspired my own humble writings in this, our first issue.

Steve Vertlieb





While it is, of course, too soon to publish letters of comment on our first issue of *Cinemacabre*, we would like at this time to reflect upon an old friend...*Black Oracle*.

Faithful fan Douglas Roy has captured the early years of *Black Oracle* quite succinctly, and we are happy to share his memories with you.

(j.e.p.)

Dear Oraclites:

Ten issues and eight years later, the *Black Oracle* is still spreading its omniscient news and views relating to horror and fantasy, both in fact and fiction. Congratulations are in order, don't you think? Light the black candles, gather round the pentagram, and drink a goblet of bloodred wine in the moonlight!!!

Who can forget the first issue filled with such literary delvings as *Gimmicks in Movie Production* and *The Hyper-Slang of E.E. Smith, Ph.D!* Or how about those censored scenes from *King Kong* which remind us all too often how good the original film was and still is. How many fanzines have even attempted to chronicle a visit to a haunted house? Well, in Issue Number Three, *Black Oracle* did it!! Then, of course, we have that infamous breakthrough article regarding the censorship of blood in some quaint New England state (the name escapes me at the moment) movie ads.

Where else but in the pages of *Black Oracle* would an editor known as George Stover willfully reprint an article from Baltimore's *Evening Sun* touting the strange interests of said personage? We can overlook such horror-hype mainly because in the next issue George hid his beauty beneath the makeup of an alien named VaBaDu in conjunction with a fascinating Star Trek play. Then, of course, there are the fine essays and reviews by such notables as Steve Vertlieb, John Parnum, Bruce Gearhart, Bill George, and who remembers C.D.M.A. Ellis (wherever you are?). Lest we not do poetic justice to such creators of such verse as Lewis Sanders, Steve Vertlieb (again), Marc Cassino, and Jerry Baker.

Of course, second only to format and form of *Black Oracle* is the work of the artists who have helped to decorate both the covers and the inner workings of this hand-held 'zine. Most notable being the everlasting Ken Lodge who started with *Black Oracle* and continued until Issue Number Seven. Dave Metzler also has etched some fine renditions along with Bill Nelson, Jim Garrison, Mike Halen, Helaine Carson, and Jerry Tiriilli. Of recent worth, you've presented the work of Tim Hammell and, of course, newly acquired Garry Ferrington, Tim Johnson, and Bill Levers.

In Issue Number Three of the *Oracle*, I mentioned a phrase which I still think applies to the *Oracle*: "Beginning with Editor's Graveyard and down through The Artist's Corner, somewhere in between those two articles, was a well-edited compact issue of *Black Oracle*. Although small in size, the *Oracle* is large in content!" Beginning with your next issue, I guess that phrase will have to be adjusted somewhat. Hopefully, in expanding to a larger format, *Black Oracle* will not lose its acquired reputation which has built steadily through the past eight years. In expanding its size, let us not forget its birth which made it unique in fandom history.

Douglas Roy West Warwick, R.I.





The Awakening Spectre of Bram Stoker's DRACULA

by Steve Vertlieb

From out of the darkest, most depraved regions of human experience have come many of fiction's strangest inspirations. A fifteenth-century Romanian prince, Vlad Tepes, or Vlad the Impaler, left behind him so unsavory a reputation that in 1897, more than four hundred years after his death, a British novelist found in his life the basis for one of English literature's most chilling creations. *Dracula*, written eighty years ago, retains its relentless ability to shock and numb the innocent after nearly a century of shallow exhibition. The original novel, printed and reprinted

in every imaginable language, remains the quintessential novel of vampirism through the ages. Innumerable stage presentations, beginning in the year of its first emergence, countless motion pictures and television adaptations, and literally thousands of satirical remembrances have not dulled the story's terrible fascination and yet, in all these eighty years, there hasn't once survived a literal translation of the original work. F.W. Murnau's 1922 production for Germany's UFA studio has remained the most faithful visual reproduction although, admittedly, *Nosferatu* was a



THE AWAKENING SPECTRE OF BRAM STOKER'S DRACULA

most blatant bastardization without either legal or ethical sanction by the late author's estate. Bela Lugosi's now classic interpretation enjoyed the widest recognition over the years, while the actor himself remained in the shadows of audience acceptance until his death. Still, Lugosi's *Dracula* in no way resembles its literary origins and, despite its reputation, is a static, stage-bound creation with shockingly inept performances and a singular disregard for the integrity of its inspirator.

While Hammer's 1958 production is in every way a handsome and admirable effort, it is more the creation of screenwriter Jimmy Sangster than of Abraham Stoker, thus leaving a gaping hole where a true classic of horror might have filled the void. It remained for television to pay the debt owed for so long. Perhaps the definitive presentation of Bram Stoker's *Dracula* appeared over many of the nation's public television stations on Wednesday evening, March 1, 1978. Produced by the British Broadcasting Company in association with New York's WNET, literature's most loathsome creation came stunningly to life in a three-hour production conceived by Gerald Savory.

Despite the all too apparent inadequacy of videotape when employed beyond static indoor stages, the understated, underpublicized production was presented in splendid and sumptuous settings. While one may have questioned the curious casting of Louis Jourdan, a French actor of sophisticated, light comedic background, in the title part, the completed visualization left little to be demanded. Perhaps it was the intention of the producers to portray Dracula as a charming and cultured



Perhaps it was the intention of the producers of the 1978 PBS *Count Dracula* to let Louis Jourdan portray the vampire as a charming and cultured member of Transylvanian aristocracy so that the deadlier aspects of his personality would not become suspect until too late.

member of Transylvanian aristocracy so that, as in the case of certain brightly colored and deceptively tranquil members of the plant and animal kingdoms, the deadlier aspects of his personality would not become suspect until too late. Whatever the motivation, Jourdan proved a wholly effective and frightening interpreter of the legendary character in a literary framework that could only have bene-



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fited and enhanced the performances of his distinguished predecessors.

Bela Lugosi recaptured on film the naive interpretation of his celebrated 1927 Broadway vehicle when in 1931 Universal Pictures produced Tod Browning's adaptation of the Hamilton Deane - John L. Balderston play. In attempting to make the novel more manageable for theatrical production, Deane, a youthful producer and acquaintance of the aging Stoker, tried for years to lure other writers into the formidable challenge of trimming and modifying the massive tome. It wasn't until 1923 that Deane himself set about the task of dramatizing *Dracula*. In four weeks' time the goal had been completed. Lost to the pruning shears of a loyal but misguided dramatist was the entire opening of the book, which included the first encounter with the vampire count and all of Jonathan Harker's subsequent trials within the walls of Castle Dracula. Instead, the play opened in London with Dracula's arrival at Carfax Abbey. Much of the novel's early terror had been castrated, leaving, to a large extent, parlor conversations and unmotivated characterizations. Another writer, John L. Balderston, further modernized the dialogue and eliminated characters when the play was imported to America for an October 1927 opening at the Fulton Theatre in New York.

Perhaps this explains the obvious contradiction in cinematic terms between the opening sequences in Tod Browning's film and the bulk of the photoplay. Those early scenes in the Balkan country are quite atmospheric and strikingly photographed by Browning's cinematographer, Karl Freund. They are also the only sequences in

the picture derived directly from Bram Stoker's novel, while the remaining length of the film is devoted almost reverently to the inspired boredom of the original New York stage production. Only when Browning's own imagination was permitted to seek expression, free of contractual obligations to a popular play, did *Dracula*, the film, realize its handsome potential.

An interesting side note to the history of the play was that Deane's version was not the first to be presented on the British stage. Stoker had himself produced a single performance for the purpose of protecting his copyright. The "play," featuring a prologue and five complete acts, incorporating forty-seven scenes, was presented on the morning of May 18, 1897 at the Lyceum Theatre. *Dracula or the Undead* proved little more than a cast reading, and endured for more than four hours. The cast members were from the regularly performing Lyceum stock company of which Stoker himself was the acting manager. Only thirty minutes' advance notice was given to the public and so, understandably, the event was sparsely attended. For historical record, the first actor to play the part of Dracula was a certain Mr. Jones.

Universal's 1931 film was an enormous success around the world and yet by viewing comparable films of the period today, such as James Whale's superb treatment of *Frankenstein*, it seems not overly harsh to judge *Dracula* from a contemporary critical sense and to wonder whether the popularity of both the play and the film was due not so much to their clever execution but, rather, to an immeasurable lack of experience and





The body of the vampire Nosferatu (Max Schreck) rises quickly, stiffly, as though consumed with rigor mortis.

With devastating purpose, he advances slowly, mechanically toward his lost and stricken prey, the ship's captain.

sophistication on the part of their respective audiences.

Fritz W. Murnau's earlier *Nosferatu* (UFA - 1922), produced at the height of Germany's "Golden Era," was far closer to the spirit and horror of the vampire legends. Living in filth and squalor, Murnau's *Nosferatu* (Undead) was no gentleman of the evening as Lugosi had portrayed him. Rather, this *Dracula* was a horror to behold, as much and as hideous a creature of the night as were the loathsome crawling

things that beckoned to his command. Max Schreck (a name meaning Death) portrayed Count Orlock in so truly hideous a fashion that it became difficult to remember that, like Lugosi and Lee later, he was merely a paid actor and not some atrocious denizen of the night who more resembled an albino Doberman pinscher standing on his hind legs than a mortal man.

Murnau used Stoker as his source but many of *Nosferatu*'s most shocking passages came from Murnau's own



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imagination. Among the most terrifying of these were the vampire's nocturnal visitation to Harker who, sensing something evil lurking beyond his sleeping quarters, hurls open the door to see Orlock approaching in the darkened corridor, a spectral vision illuminated by a strange, unholy glow. Fangs bared, eyes blazing, wholly consumed by his animalistic cravings, Nosferatu stalks his defenseless guest in the comparative innocence of his bed chamber. Torn by cold, blinding fear, Harker shrinks back, paralyzed, to await "a fate worse than death."

In a comparable sequence briefly following the attack at Castle Orlock, Nosferatu sleeps in a wooden coffin stored in the lower deck of a vessel bound for foreign soil. One by one, members of the crew have been dying off, victims of a terrible malady that seems to strike only at night. Finally, one storm-ravaged morning, the captain of the plagued ship angrily takes matters into his own hands and descends into the hold, determined to find the answer. As he plunges his ax into the wood covering Orlock's resting place, the sturdy planks begin to fly off their hinges as if by magic, revealing the dreaded form of Nosferatu. The body of the vampire rises quickly, stiffly, as though consumed with rigor mortis, into an upright position. With devastating purpose, he advances slowly, mechanically, toward his lost and stricken prey. The ship's mate races to the deck and hurls himself into the sea while the captain resignedly ties himself to the wheel, maintaining his post and awaiting his fate.

While freely borrowing from Stoker's conception of the vampire legends, Murnau's film owes much to the

darkly troubled waters of pre-Hitlerian Germany. Yet, for all its Germanic influence, it has, until this year, remained the most faithful of the Dracula films. *Nosferatu* alone captured on film the terrifying world of the undead that Bram Stoker's *Dracula* unleashed, like vermin, on an unsuspecting populace.

The third important film in the *Dracula* adaptations was Terence Fisher's *Horror of Dracula* for Hammer Film Productions in 1958. Photographed in rich Technicolor hues, and featuring the impressive talents of veteran British actors Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing, *Horror of Dracula* became an immediate sensation on both sides of the Atlantic. The film was sharply criticized in certain critical circles be-

Who will be his Bride... tonight?

The chill of
the tomb
won't leave
your blood
for hours!

DON'T DARE
SEE IT
ALONE!



Hammer Film Productions, Ltd. Presents

HORROR OF DRACULA

ALL NEW!
TECHNICOLOR®

The terrifying lover who
died...yet lived!



THE AWAKENING SPECTRE OF
BRAM STOKER'S DRACULA



cause of its comparatively lurid depiction of the more sensual aspects of vampirism. Van Helsing refers to the nearly animalistic cravings of the vampire's victims as a form of addiction. Never before had a motion picture so graphically portrayed the physical titillation, the urgent air of sexual expectation on the faces of Dracula's willing victims. The sense of addiction is never more wantonly displayed than on the face of Melissa Stribling as she paces the floor of her bedroom awaiting her illicit lover from the grave. Agitated, nervous, she rubs her arms and berates herself for giving in to desires unwholesome and depraved. She is a proud woman, a woman of dignity, and yet she feels like a child

discovered masturbating in the shed. She feels dirty, unclean, and the thought repulses her but she knows that she hasn't the strength to resist. At last, sensing that he is somewhere near, she opens the door to her bed chamber and gasps at the sight of him waiting at the foot of the stairs. Beckoning to him, she retreats to her bed and there lies waiting for him to come to her. Vulnerable, yet lusting for his touch, she freely submits to her basest yearnings.

Lee turns the traditional severing of the jugular vein into an orgiastic ballet as his long, feline fingers gently stroke and fondle Stribling's face and throat. His lips breathlessly caress hers until he has found the area of her soft, white throat that he will puncture. This almost symbolic passage of blood, life's fluid seeping from one body into another, strengthening the taker while weakening the one from whom the blood is being siphoned, is seen by Fisher as largely a sexual exchange. The most striking moment of the scene is its culmination. The look of ecstasy upon the victim's face is unmistakable as her red semen is spasmodically expelled into the vampire's mouth. In a very real sense, she has climaxed.

Lee played Dracula as an aristocrat, a tall, virile nobleman possessed of great physical strength and will. This was certainly a man of breeding and of wealth, an eternity from Murnau's horror of three decades earlier. And yet, wasn't this too Dracula...the grand Romanian Count, the fierce strategist of countless battlefields? This was very much a revolutionary Dracula, an articulate vampire, if not entirely true to Stoker's conception then certainly true to the spirit of Vlad the Impaler.



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Cushing's classical characterization of Dr. Van Helsing was in many ways like himself. A gentle and cultured Englishman, Cushing was able to bring more true sincerity to the role of the vampire hunter than has any actor before or since. With soft-spoken dedication, and a strength of spirit to match that of his royal prey, Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee made a memorable pair, one that would be reunited in and out of Victorian garb for many years to come.

But the definitive presentation of Bram Stoker's *Dracula* was still twenty years in the future, for it wasn't until March of 1978 that Public Television unveiled *Count Dracula*. Produced for a series of prestigious programs entitled *Great Performances*, this entirely new version of Stoker's historically "unmanageable" novel masterly overcame all of the barriers that other would-be adapters had found insurmountable. Gerald Savory's translation for television recaptured the soul of Stoker's creation with few sacrifices and stunning effect.

Many of *Dracula*'s most terrifying passages had been retained by Savory and photographed with chilling accuracy: the horrifying spectacle of Dracula's wives feasting upon the tender flesh of a tiny infant, satiating their thirst with his blood on their lips; Dracula flapping down the side of his high castle wall like a huge, mindless bat or like some grotesque, bloated seal; the grizzly, self-inflicted tearing open of his chest and the forcing of Mina's lips to that bloody cavity; Lucy's somnambulistic walks on the cliffs and Mina's dreadful discovery... perhaps the most blatantly erotic sequence ever broadcast on American television...of Dracula leaning over



Lucy's prostrate form atop a greyish tombstone, and animalistically slurping at her blood as she moaned and convulsed in complete sexual abandon; a similar sensual encounter in her bed chamber; Dracula's first appearance in London as coachman to Jonathan and Mina in the whole of daylight, mocking and defying the natural rules which govern the waking hours of the vampire; the Count's rage as he confronts his pursuers at Carfax Abbey before fleeing to Transylvania; and the final battle in the fog-en-shrouded sunlight of the Carpathian mountains as Quincey Morris is slain, and Dracula is dispatched to an everlasting Hell beneath the walls of Castle Dracula.





LOVE AT FIRST BITE

or "DRACULA SUCKS AGAIN"

With a large cast including Louis Jourdan as Count Dracula, Bosco Hogan as Jonathan, Judi Bowker as Mina, Susan Penhaligon as Lucy, Jack Shepherd as Renfield, Mark Burns as Dr. Seward, Ann Queensbury as Mrs. Westenra, Richard Barnes as Quincey P. Holmwood (Morris in the novel), Michael MacOwan as Mr. Hawkins, George Raistrick as Bowles, and Sue Vanner, Belinda Meulddjk, and Susie Hickford as Dracula's wives, the massive production came vividly to life. However, the most interesting characterization of all, at least for the purpose of this survey, belonged to Frank Finlay, the latest in a long series of Dr. Van Helsing. In the perfect spirit of a splendid production, Frank Finlay became the first actor to portray Stoker's vampire hunter in precisely the manner in which the character was conceived.

Directed by Philip Seville, the production utilized both film and videotape, merging styles to admirable and frequently striking effect. The musical score by Kenyon Emrys-Roberts was sparse, yet well conceived and executed, adding many atmospheric chills to an otherwise impeccable play.

The eerie scenes of Lucy's nocturnal wanderings were photographed on location, to heightened effect, at

Highgate Cemetery in Alnwick, Northumberland, England, while the overall conception was produced for the BBC by Morris Barry.

Presently, *Dracula* is enjoying an enormous worldwide revival on stage and film. Broadway's *Dracula* with Frank Langella is the hit of the theatre season, having recently won a Tony award for best revival of a play. The film version of the show is set to go into production in November 1978 with Langella reprising his role of the Count, and Lord Laurence Olivier, certainly the most gifted actor ever to play the role, essaying the part of Dracula's nemesis, Dr. Van Helsing. Meanwhile, *Dracula's Dog* has been unleashed biting, presumably, more than his bone. *Love at First Bite* with George Hamilton is shooting in New York. Columbia Pictures will release *Night Wing*, concerning a plague of vampire bats. Preparations are even under way to film Stephen King's vampiric novel, *Salem's Lot*. Yet, the most fascinating report of all comes from England where avant-garde director Ken Russell is reportedly preparing to film *Dracula*, based upon Bram Stoker's original novel. In Europe, production has even begun on a remake of Murnau's *Nosferatu*.

Whatever the result of the resurgence of interest in Stoker's majestic Count, despite the sad probability that these new film variations will venture no closer to the original text than the vast majority of their predecessors, it becomes increasingly evident with the long passage of years that a quiet, soft-spoken Englishman named Abraham Stoker created a classic work back in 1897 that will likely endure in the hearts of men and women for all eternity.





THE TIME MACHINE:

Two Notes

by Harry M. Geduld

1. Time Travel and the Fourth Dimension

Although the earliest critics of *The Time Machine* were lavish in their praise of its 'originality,' Wells maintained that there were derivative elements in the narrative, and he rather nebulously indicated some of them. However, it is

only since the publication of Bernard Bergonzi's study of Wells's early fiction that there has been any systematic inquiry into the genesis of Wells's first "scientific romance." Bergonzi was particularly concerned with the development of the narrative from its earliest form, as "The Chronic Argonauts," a story first published by Wells in a student journal, through various re-



visions, to its final and generally familiar book form, as *The Time Machine*; but he also provided a lucid exposition of those fin de siècle influences and characteristics that were not discernible to the book's earliest critics.

Here, however, I wish to consider specifically the origins of Wells's idea of time travel.

The Time Traveller himself, in expounding his theory of the fourth dimension, refers to a lecture on this topic by Professor Simon Newcomb of the New York Mathematical Society. When Wells's book was published, the allusion to Newcomb would have provided the Time Traveller's argument with a strong semblance of scientific validity, for the Professor was actually an American scientist with an international reputation for work in mathematics and astronomy. Simon Newcomb (1835-1909) was President of the New York Mathematical Society and first editor of the *American Journal of Mathematics*. He did indeed deliver a lecture on the fourth dimension to the New York Mathematical Society, but it is a somewhat bizarre and disturbing fact that he gave it in 1896, the year following the publication of *The Time Machine*! Nevertheless, Wells did not use a private time machine to make his prediction, nor was his 'anticipation' of Newcomb's lecture entirely fortuitous. The Professor's books and articles had been published in Europe as well as in the United States, and they must have been available to students at the college library of the Normal School of Science, in the 1880s, when Wells was a student. As early as 1877, Newcomb, basing his geometrical theories on ideas suggested by Reiman, had published a paper, "Elementary theorems relating

to the geometry of a space of three dimensions and a uniform positive curvature on the fourth dimension," in A.L. Crelle's journal.¹ Here he anticipated Einstein by more than a quarter of a century in speculating on "the possibility that the space in which we find ourselves may be curved."² In 1878 Newcomb published another paper on the geometry of the fourth dimension. This was his "Note on a Class of Transformations which surfaces may undergo in space of more than three dimensions," in which he concludes:

"If a fourth dimension were added to space, a closed material surface (or shell) could be turned inside out by simple flexure; without either stretching or tearing."³

The idea expressed here is fundamentally that adopted by Wells in his tale "The Plattner Story." However, it is likely that Wells first encountered the theory of non-Euclidean 'hypergeometry' or 'hyperspace' in one of Newcomb's many popular science articles that appeared between 1882 and 1905. Newcomb collected these articles and published them in book form as *Side-Lights on Astronomy* (1906). What appears to be the inspiration for Wells's "The Plattner Story" occurs in an article that was later reprinted in Newcomb's book:

"...if we confined a being able to move in a fourth dimension in the walls of a dungeon of which the

¹*Journal für die reine und angewandte Mathematik*, Berlin, 1877.

²*Ibid.*, p. 299. See Einstein's appreciation of Newcomb in *Science*, March 1929.

³*American Journal of Mathematics, Pure and Applied*, 1, 1878, p.1.



THE TIME MACHINE

A THRILLING STORY ABOUT A JOURNEY
INTO THE FAR DISTANT FUTURE



sides, the floor, and the ceiling were all impenetrable, he would step outside of it without touching any part of the building, just as easily as we could step over a circle drawn on the plane without touching it. He would simply disappear from our view like a spirit, and perhaps, reappear the next moment outside the prison. To do this he would only have to make a little excursion in the fourth dimension...the dweller in four dimensions of space...if we allowed him to take hold of us and turn a somersault with us in the fourth dimension. We should then come back into our natural space, but changed as if we were seen in a mirror. Everything on us would be changed from right to left, even the seams in our clothes, and every hair on our head. [Cf. Gottfried Plattner's condition after his astonishing experience.] All this

would be done without, during any of the motion, any change having occurred in the positions of the parts of the body ...Right around us, but in a direction which we cannot conceive...there may exist not merely another universe, but any number of universes. All that physical science can say against the supposition is that, even if a fourth dimension exists, there is some law of all the matter with which we are acquainted which prevents any of it from entering that dimension, so that, in our natural condition, it must forever remain unknown to us."¹

By the way, it is also probable that Newcomb, who was celebrated for his studies of the moon, suggested to Wells the idea of the antigravity substance 'Cavorite,' the material of which Cavor's sphere is constructed in *The First Men in the Moon*. In another article the Professor observes:

"...let us discover some way of reversing the law of gravitation so that matter may be repelled by the earth instead of attracted -- then we may have a flying-machine."²

Wells presumably became interested in Newcomb's theories during 1885-1886, when, at a meeting of the students' Debating Society at the Normal School of Science, he first heard about the mathematics of hyperspace. By 1888, in "The Chronic Argo-

¹Newcomb, *Side-lights on Astronomy*, New York, 1906, pp. 162-164. The article reprinted here was probably first published between 1882 and 1894.

²Ibid., p. 345.





nauts," he had begun to identify time with the fourth dimension of hypergeometry. In 1891, Wells's own correlated theories were first formally expounded in "The Universe Rigid," an article sent as a contribution to *The Fortnightly Review* but rejected by Frank Harris who considered it "incomprehensible."

When *The Time Machine* appeared in book form, many critics were convinced that a machine for time travel was a uniquely Wellsian conception. However, at least one device for recapturing a complete vision of the past had already appeared twenty years or so earlier in Flammarion's remarkable book *Lumen*. Camille Flammarion had conceived the possibility of travelling faster than the speed of light and then, in capturing all the light rays that had left the earth many years before, to observe the unfolding of events that had occurred long ago. He describes a further device necessary to avoid seeing events in the reverse order, for the

light rays that are first captured are those nearest the earth and these reveal the outcome of events whose origins are only to be witnessed by capturing those rays that are even farther from the earth. One amusing section of *Lumen* presents the extraordinary vision of the Battle of Waterloo being fought in reverse: the dead rise from the ground, engage in fierce combat, retreat to their own lines, form orderly ranks and then march off the battlefield. Some of Flammarion's tricks with this type of device suggest the Time Traveller's account of the remarkable movements of his landlady, Mrs. Watchett, as he observes her from the 'invisibility' of his time machine.⁶

⁶On the cinematograph as yet another 'device for time travel,' see "Paul and 'The Time Machine,'" chapter XII of Terry Ramsaye's *A Million and One Nights*, 1926.



CINEMACABRE

2. *Beowulf* and *The Time Machine*: A Note on Analogues

An elaborate relationship between *Beowulf* and H.G. Wells's first work of creative fiction seems, on the face of it, to be patently unlikely. Apart from the difference of genre, the epic poem and the prose narrative deal with subject matter that is literally separated by eons. The *Beowulf* poet recounts a pre-Norman Conquest tale of monsters and marvelous deeds of heroism, a sophisticated Germanic anticipation not of science fiction, but of St. George and the Dragon and Jack the Giant-Killer. Wells's scientific romance provides a scientific fantasy and some quasi-Marxist speculation in the course of a narrative ranging in time from London in the 1890s, through the year 802,701 A.D. to a "further vision" of the world's end. Wells, discussing his education in the *Experiment in Autobiography*, nowhere mentions attempts to learn Old English or any interest in reading Old English literature. Yet significant similarities between the poem and the story do exist. Whether there was an actual influence of one on the other is likely to remain a matter of speculation. However, lack of confirmatory evidence should not prevent us from noticing the striking parallels between the poem and the story.

The numerous analogues are either direct or approximate, and are evident in incident and circumstance as well as in description. The hero's journey is fundamental to both works. Poem and story detail the building of a vessel or vehicle (machine), its appearance, and its direction by a skilled and physically strong man--in one case a warrior, in the other a scientist. In

each, the hero comes uninvited from afar--in space or time--to encounter horrific adversaries, although in *The Time Machine* the adversaries are unexpected. Both groups of adversaries--the Morlocks in Wells's story and Grendel and his mother in *Beowulf*--are pointedly traced to a common ancestry with those they devour. For the Morlocks and the Eloi in *The Time Machine* are explained as the evolutionary outcome of a radical divergence or bifurcation of the human species into the capitalist "Haves" and the proletarian "Have-Nots"; while we learn from *Beowulf* that Grendel and his mother are descendants of Cain and are thus progeny of Adam equally with the Geats, the Danes, and the Swedes. Thus, in effect, the Time Traveller's paradoxical slaughter of his own descendants, the Morlocks, is a parallel to *Beowulf*'s destruction of his monstrous kinfolk.

However, the most striking parallels are observable between the predatory habits of the monsters, their cannibalism, their earliest appearances to the heroes, and their encounters with them. It is difficult to believe that Wells did not read *Beowulf* immediately before writing his description of the communal great houses of the Eloi. For here we have a "future" domicile equivalent to the hall Heorot and its mead-benches: joyous places of feasting and gaiety by day; the haunts of murder and cannibalism by night. The Eloi--like the Danes--eat together and sleep communally behind barred doors. They fear the Morlocks who rise up at night, like grey shadows, from the old subterranean machine-shops just as Hrothgar and his spear-Danes fear Grendel and Grendel's mother who emerge



THE TIME MACHINE: Two Notes

METRO
GOLDWYN
MAYER
presents
A
GEORGE PAUL
PRODUCTION

H.G. WELLS' THE TIME MACHINE

in futuristic
METROCOLOR



· Based on the Novel by H. G. WELLS ·



CINEMACABRE

nightly from the depths of their mere and stalk the misty moors. The monsters prey on those who sleep in Heorot or in the great houses near the White Sphinx and the Palace of Green Porcelain. In the darkness, they burst into the communal halls to devour or carry off living warriors and fragile, helpless Eloi. There is no safety apart from the community any more than there is security within it. Woe betide those who sleep alone....

Ignorant of the dangers that lurk at night, the Time Traveller sleeps apart from the Eloi. He is awakened in the shadows by the groping hands of the Morlocks seeking out his body for food just as flesh-hungry Grendel clutches at the waiting form of Beowulf, supine in the hall Heorot. In each case it is the hero's first sight of his adversary: a decisive encounter for Beowulf for he wrenches Grendel's arm from its socket, mortally wounding the enemy of the spear-Danes. However, the Time Traveller's first encounter with the Morlocks is of far less significance. His glimpse of future enemies is vague and almost meaningless to him, but Wells describes the brief vision of his hero in terms that recall many passages descriptive of Grendel and Grendel's mother slinking ghostlike through the early morning mists. None of the Morlocks loses his arm, but later in the narrative an iron arm, a lever, is used by the Time Traveller to batter many of them to death. This lever-weapon is acquired in an emergency just as Beowulf acquires the sword he uses to slay Grendel's mother in her home below the mere. Previously, the Time Traveller has protected himself solely by his own ingenuity and strength, for he has been temporarily deprived of his

Time Machine, his effective means of escape and a symbol of his intellectual power and superiority comparable to the sword, a symbol of physical superiority, that Beowulf voluntarily discarded before battling with Grendel.

Crucial episodes in both poem and story are those concerning the descent of the hero into a world below which had hitherto been the domain of the monsters. The Time Traveller descends a well to seek for his stolen Time Machine in the dark subterranean vaults of the Morlocks. Beowulf plunges deep into a mere to grapple inside the monster's lair with Grendel's mother whose depredations had replaced those of her dead offspring. Both heroes are almost overcome by their adversaries; but both survive through brute strength and live to return to the upper world.

Just as the brute strength of the hero is a characteristic similar to both works, so is the means of first presenting it to the listener or reader. In *Beowulf* the hero's physical prowess is impugned by Unferth who has to be put right about his misconceptions concerning Beowulf's swimming contest with Breca. The hero's own account of this contest reveals his immense powers of endurance at sea where he had killed nine monsters while swimming alone, night and day, through titanic storms and tidal waves. Beowulf's story, concluded with a resolution to perform comparable deeds for Hrothgar and his people, wins the admiration of the Danish queen, Wealhtheow. Through another swimming feat the Time Traveller, a man of exceptional strength by modern standards, becomes a veritable Beowulf to the Eloi who are frail doll-like creatures. Wells's hero first





demonstrates his superior strength by rescuing an Eloi girl, Weena, who had been swept away by a weak river current against which the Eloi men were too feeble to struggle. The Time Traveller's act of heroism earns him the devotion of Weena as Beowulf's speech earns him the respect of Hrothgar's queen.

Significantly, the swimming episodes occur at corresponding places in both poem and story, that is, prior to the first encounters with monsters and after a parallel sequence of episodes dealing with (1) the departure and arrival of vessel and machine, and (2) the "removal" of the heroes' associated symbols of prowess--Beowulf's sword and the Time Traveller's machine.

Set apart from the earlier and longer episodes are the adventure of Beowulf and the dragon and the "further vi-

sion" of Wells's Time Traveller. Wells's hero, having escaped the clutches of those Morlocks he had not destroyed, again boards his Time Machine and goes forward into an even more remote future when man has become as extinct as the dinosaur. An enormous fiery sun blazes down on a rock-strewn world barren of any signs of former human habitation. The scorched landscape appears like the territory devastated by the fiery tongue of the dragon in *Beowulf*. And dragons are indeed present, although Wells describes his monsters of the future as gigantic crablike creatures.

Lamed but not mortally wounded like Beowulf, Wells's Time Traveller returns briefly to his own time to recount his adventures in the distant future to a group of skeptical friends. His ultimate fate is uncertain, for after



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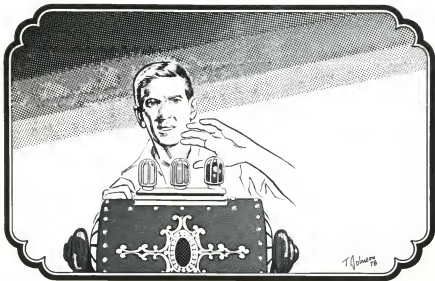
his friends have departed, he climbs aboard the machine and vanishes forever into the unknown--here unlike Beowulf whose end emulates the glory of Sutton Hoo--but in a manner comparable to a Viking hero dying in solitary splendor aboard a blazing funeral ship.

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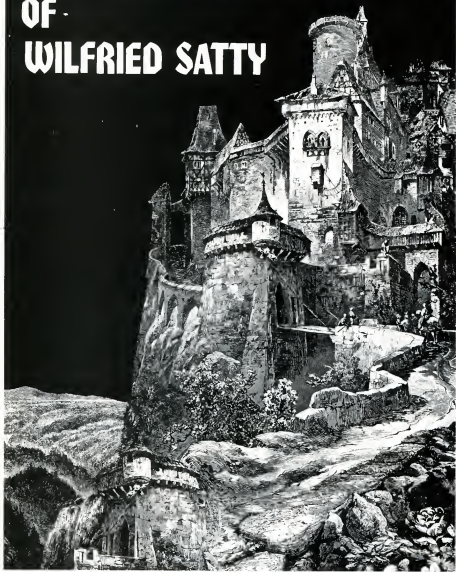
There are, of course, numerous folkloric and literary analogues to *Beowulf*, beginning with the Icelandic saga of *Grettir the Strong*, that might have come to Wells's attention even if he never looked into the Anglo-Saxon epic. And though as yet there is no available evidence of his familiarity with *Beowulf*, we have at least some indications in his early work of an interest in myth and legend associated with the writing of *The Time Machine*. "The Chronic Argonauts," an early draft of *The Time Machine*, has a strong flavor of Welsh superstition evidently reflecting an undeveloped interest in

Welsh legend that dates from a period when Wells was teaching at Wrexham, on the border of England and Wales. Most of the "superstition" was subsequently eliminated from the story in favor of pseudoscience, but a suggestion of it remains in the name Morlock which recalls both Warlock (Sorcerer) and Moloch.

In a wider sense, analogues between myth and legend and the creative work of Wells should not be unexpected, for all of his scientific romances were essays in the creation of modern myth. Whether or not Wells was consciously creating a "new" *Beowulf* for an age of science, his attempts to create modern myths led him invariably to adapt traditional material, pouring new wine into the old bottles by retaining significant details, elements of plot, characterization, and setting as basic to a modern story or a speculation about the future.



THE TINTINNABULATIONS OF WILFRIED SATTY





by Robert Heller and Sylvia Pelta

THE ILLUSTRATED EDGAR ALLAN POE by Satty, published in hardback by Clarkson N. Potter, Inc. and in soft cover by Warner Books, Inc., New York, 1976.

Whenever a new edition of Poe's stories is released, fans of the macabre have cause to celebrate. With the edition published in 1976, this cause is further graced by the haunting graphics of Wilfried Satty. Satty, we may recall, depicted the cloistered recesses of Transylvania so ominously in *The Annotated Dracula* (New York: Clarkson N. Potter, 1975). With artistic expression that we think of as belonging to the last century, Satty has now applied his talents to the stories of Poe, and seldom have illustrations been as complementary to a literary work.

The Illustrated Edgar Allan Poe (New York: Warner Books, 1976) includes fourteen of Poe's works, striking a balance between seven popular main-stays (*Ms. Found in a Bottle*, *Ligeia*, *The*

Fall of the House of Usher, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, *A Descent into the Maelstrom*, *The Assignment*, *The Pit and the Pendulum*) and seven lesser known stories and poems (*Dream-land*, *Metzengerstein*, *Alone*, *The Thousand-and-Second Tale of Scheherazade*, *Silence—A Fable*, *The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion*, *Landor's Cottage*). The collection spans many realms, allowing Satty the broadest possible arena in which to engage his imagination with that of Poe.

For the most part, this aligning of temperaments goes unquestioned. Satty's illustrations smartly enhance Poe's writings: they etch a mood or atmosphere, a setting, a tone, a turn of phrase indelibly in our minds, so that to think of a story again is to think of Satty's graphic art, and vice versa.

The artwork in this review is taken from *The Illustrated Edgar Allan Poe* by Satty. Copyright © 1976 by Wilfried Satty. Used by permission of Clarkson N. Potter, Inc.

"Tinnabulations" was coined by Edgar Allan Poe for *The Bells*, and you are encouraged to read that poem to appreciate the use of the word in the title of this article.





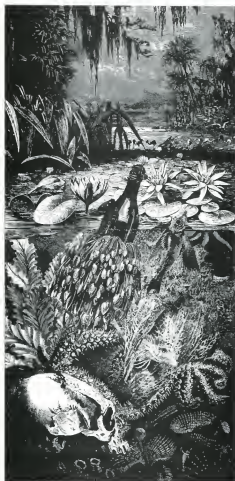


Illustration that so perfectly represents its subject is uncommon: we think of Tenniel's illustrations of the Alice books, of N. C. Wyeth or Pyle perhaps; but generally the art either insufficiently conveys the author's ideas or else outdistances the quality of the text, proclaiming its own crafting as superior to whatever the companion author has wrought. No such fears are realized in the present case,

in part because Poe's stories were designed to produce a single over-riding effect on the reader. Thus in illustrating *The Pit and the Pendulum*, for instance, Satty does well to choose for his subject a scene in which he can depict the most horrible machines of the Inquisition. Grotesquely costumed, Death presides over medieval torturings in an ecclesiastical cellar (pp.172-73). Encountering *A Descent into the Maelstrom*, Satty, like any other reader, cannot escape the spiraling attraction of the whirlpool (p. 127).

Supreme effect is not Satty's only concern, however. He captures and expands on subtleties of tone and atmosphere admirably, and it is in this respect most of all that his work excels. All the gloomy, secretive canals of Venice are depicted at once in his illustration for *The Assignment*: an intricate setting with several focal points is darkly illuminated by a mid-summer night's light, while our attention has been distracted from a young child which has fallen into the "deep and dim canal"; surreal figures, disproportionate in size, and skewed buildings line the banks, appropriate for the nightmarish qualities of Poe's "city of dim visions" (pp. 134-35). For *Ms. Found in a Bottle*, Satty presents a stagnating pond of almost Jurassic archetype, the backwater harbor for the languishing manuscript we have come to rescue (p. 1).

Satty's ability to shift styles and techniques to accommodate Poe's texts provides an essential flexibility for his illustrations, and assuming (as we must) the artist's command over these styles, we are assured of finding an illustration best tailored to any given episode. Thus Satty moves from the lush overgrowth of the *Ms. Found in a Bottle*



illustration to more flattened backgrounds for *The Pit and the Pendulum's* stifling scenes. Stark settings and stylized figures further assist in giving the impression of unsophisticated medieval art. Elsewhere, a highly detailed, arabesque floral arrangement that calls to mind the lace on an old-fashioned Valentine's Day card is hauntingly juxtaposed with the fear-some shroud of blackness from which peer the "black, and the wild eyes of my lost love," the Lady Ligeia (p. 45). This apparently discordant eclecticism is Satty at his best. The art of Valentine's Day cards, old woodcuts, stained-glass windows, and futuristic cartoons (cf. *The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion*, p. 221) are commonly enlisted to achieve Satty's bizarre effects.

The influences and echoes of widely diverse artists suggest themselves in various places as well: Escher's endlessly adjoining parapets (p. 183) and fish-eye views (p. 235), Doré's incorporation of blackness to serve integrally or spatially (p. 109; frontispiece), O'Keefe's cattle and horse skulls spatially transfixed (p. 149), the appearance of a romantic Burne-Jones figure (p. 139), the ships and seas of Albert Pinkham Ryder (pp. 7-11)—dozens of influences resist precise determination despite their undeniable suggestion. Such borrowings enrich rather than detract from Satty's art because of his brilliant management of them. A storm-endangered ship in a Satty illustration may resemble a similar scene in a Ryder painting, but Ryder never would have allowed the pervasive fear of death to materialize in the form of a death's head that so completely dominates the scene (cover and pp. 8-9).

The inventive uses of Satty's borrowings, his grotesque ironies, and eerie settings all conspire toward his fantastic perception of Poe. This perception may be invested either with an air of expectation, such as that which exists above the otherwise static landscape of *Metzengerstein* (pp. 150-51), or with the unexpected, represented in the overlarge, surreal cat which occupies the foreground of *The Assignment* scene. An illustration may be marginally unreal or wholly fantastic. Always, however, the principle we may depend on is the suitability of art for text. It is this splendid understanding—Satty's ability to transfer his complete comprehension of Poe to a faithful, yet evocative and imaginative visual image—that brings Poe's macabre world one dreaded step closer.





THE HILLS OF MARS

A velvet mist caressed the stars
as moonlit clouds draped windswept Mars,
the reddened sand flowed on the plain
and lay like strange, corroded rain.

With wings like silver sails that sing
a giant bird soared with the wind,
his eyes surveyed the barren peaks
and swam the sky, cool and discreet.

Long fragile feathers kissed the breeze
while dancing on a waveless sea,
as currents bent them to their will
so firm, and yet invisible.

The tides had drifted toward the land
and settled in the shifting sand,
while silent breezes brushed bleak hills
indifferently, devoid of will.

A raging silence pierced the stone
deflowering its noble cone,
the granite breast screamed in the wind
as anguish shaped a mocking grin.

From deep within the blinding storm
volcanic ranges seemed to form,
a mountain swallowed whole the clouds
consuming wide horizons proud.

Beyond the valley, bathed in light
escaping everlasting night,
with outstretched vines immersed in air
a meadow blossomed, green and rare.

In isolation, seeds from space
fell drifting through time's midnight lace,
the Martian hills shook and recoiled
with impregnation of her soil.

The falling seeds took root and breathed
within the sea of dust beneath,
and soon the ground gave birth and bloomed
entrapped no longer in her womb.

Distorted branches danced and swayed
to rhythms mocking and depraved,
symphonic evil breeding germs
in oceans of malignant sperm.

The land perspired in a stream
as rocks convulsed from tortured dreams,
repulsive odors drowned the sky
while ageless memories gasped and writhed.

A sudden calm befell the stars
uneasy stillness crept thru Mars,
for Evil older than the tides
awoke to kiss its ravaged bride.

-STEVE VERTLIEB

FILM REVIEWS



THE ALIEN FACTOR

Produced, directed, and written by Donald Dohler. Assistant director: Anthony Malanowski. Music and sound effects by Kenneth Walker. Cinematography by Britt McDonough. Additional photographic effects by Ernest D. Farino. Sound recording and mix by Dave Ellis. Makeup and special effects by John Cosentino, Ernest D. Farino, Larry Schlechter, Britt McDonough, and Ed Litzinger. Starring Don Leifert (Ben Zachary), Tom Griffith (Sheriff Cinder), Richard Dyszel (Mayor Wicker), Mary Mertens (Edie Martin), Richard Geiwitz (Pete Evans), George Stover (Steven Price), Eleanor Herman (Mary Jane), Anne Frith (Ruth Sherman), Christopher Gummer (Clay), Johnny Walker (Rex). A Cinemagic Visual Effects, Inc., production. Color and Optical Photography by EUE/Screen Gems. Running time: 80 minutes.

Director-writer Don Dohler has brought to the screen a solid sleaze sci-fi fantasy. It's important we understand that Mr. Dohler had a very limited budget to work with. As I review this film, I find it very difficult because I know Don as a dedicated fan of the fantastic film genre. With his interest in fandom, it's good to see someone in this day and age form an idea, follow it up, put it on film, and sell a dream. I hope the following criticism is viewed only as being constructive and not destructive.

The script draws its best moments when there is a relation-conflict between the actors and the creatures. Several scenes are lifeless with very little energy; it's not the acting ability, but rather a one-dimensional script. The meaning of horror is sometimes found within the character and the relationship that character has with its environment. A good example of this would be Roy Scheider's paranoia in *Jaws 2*.

Don's direction for the film follows a very smooth narrative that keeps your interest. Locations for the film were shot in the Baltimore area and a great deal of time was spent to obtain the film's sense of isolation. The editing could have been a little tighter, especially the scenes with excessive walking to and from a location.

At one point of the film I was on the edge of my seat. There is a classic chase scene with a creature called a Zagatle and the screen explodes with



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the fifties' imagination. One of the best original monsters I've seen in years is brought to life. The Zagatile is a delicate mixture, pulling elements from the creatures of *Star Wars* and *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*.

Certainly George Stover was totally miscast in a sub-minor role as Steven Price. Mr. Stover has always turned in excellent characterizations in the John Waters films. Other actors that impressed me with their professional performances are Don Leifert, Mary Mertens, Tom Griffith, and Dick Dyszel. The actors mentioned had command and an interwoven chemistry that works well within a creative ensemble.

This small film is flawed in many ways but it is a start in the right direction for Mr. Dohler. What makes this film? Pure entertainment with a sense of having fun!

-DELBERT WINANS

CAPRICORN ONE

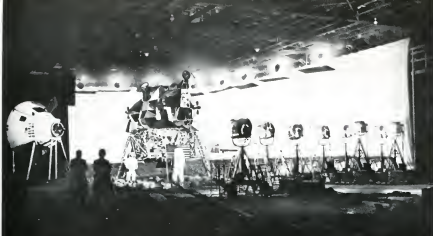
Produced by Paul N. Lazarus. Written and directed by Peter Hyams. Music by Jerry Goldsmith. Starring Elliott Gould (Robert Caulfield), James Brolin (Charles Brubaker), Brenda Vaccaro (Kay Brubaker), Sam Waterston (Peter Willis), O.J. Simpson (John Walker), Hal Holbrook (Dr. James Kelloway), David Huddleston (Hollis Peaker), David Doyle (Walter Loughlin), Denise Nicholas (Betty Walker), Robert Walden (Elliot Whitter), Lee Bryant (Sharon Willis), Alan Fudge (Capsule Communicator), Karen Black (Judy Drinkwater), Telly Savalas (Albain). An Associated General Films production released by Warner Brothers. Color by CFI. Running time: 127 minutes. Rating: PG.

During the excitement of America's first lunar landing, there were those incredible skeptics who steadfastly maintained that there had been no landing on the moon, that the mission had been an elaborate hoax, and that the live television transmissions had been simulated on a Hollywood soundstage. That belief persists in certain quarters today and undoubtedly has inspired filming of Warner Brothers summer release, *Capricorn One*.

Written and directed by Peter Hyams, the British-financed Low Grade production takes us to a future launch date when America's manned space program is attempting to put three men on the planet Mars. The Congress and the President are openly hostile to the program while the public is largely apathetic. Spending priorities have veered sharply away from the continuing exploration of deep space. NASA, feeling that its neck is on the line, has been told by the Pres-



George Stover attacked by a 7½-foot tall Zagatile (John Cosentino) in the Don Dohler film *The Alien Factor*. Photo by Richard Geiwitz.



ELLIOTT
GOULD

JAMES
BROLIN

BRENDA
VACCARO

SAM
WATERSTON

O.J.
SIMPSON

HAL
HOLBROOK

KAREN
BLACK

TELLY
SAVALAS

CAPRICORN ONE

ident that further government spending on space will depend upon the success or failure of this mission.

With such an ultimatum confronting the agency, it becomes clear that nothing must go wrong. Unfortunately, something does. When Capricorn's life support systems malfunction shortly before scheduled lift-off, the director of the agency, Hal Holbrook, decides to remove the astronauts secretly from their ship during the launch countdown and transport them by jet to an abandoned military base equipped with an elaborate closed-circuit television studio. There, in order to preserve and perpetuate public support for the space program, live transmissions from the surface of Mars will be beamed to NASA and the Cape. The kidnapped astronauts are told by Holbrook that unless they cooperate fully and cavort on the artificial Martian plane, their families will be killed. When an investigative

reporter begins to sense something wrong after the strange disappearance of a friend in ground control, the finely woven deception begins to fall apart and a solid thriller emerges from the rubble.

To be sure, there are various lapses in logic that will drive an alert viewer to distraction. For instance, it is difficult to believe that a responsible NASA director, after years of dedicated service with the space agency, would plunge into such an intricate and dastardly plot simply because of the normal electronic failures that one has come to expect with these missions. The belief that the government would shut down an entire project because of an electronic malfunction is something less than credible.

Once, however, you're able to pass that crucial barrier and suspend disbelief, the film quickly becomes absorbing and exciting. Elliott Gould plays the reporter with his usual cynical detachment, enhancing the trou-



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bled air of reality, and it isn't long before audience involvement is complete. As Gould comes closer to uncovering the truth, a tangled web of intrigue and murder draws him down into the mire and soon the reporter is nearly over his head. It's the classic tale of the ordinary man caught up in events larger than he had ever imagined. The plot structure isn't new, of course. Hitchcock has been doing it for years. The film, however, that comes most clearly to mind is Alan Pakula's marvelous thriller of several years ago, *The Parallax View*, which featured Warren Beatty as a newspaper reporter who uncovers the ghastly string tying together an inexplicable series of political assassinations. The film, a superb blending of mystery and horror, reminiscent of Frankenstein's *Manchurian Candidate*, may one day achieve a cult status. In its initial release it achieved only tepid results and has now been sold to television. *Capricorn One*, although not quite as good, is cast in the same mold and, happily, is succeeding where *The Parallax View* failed.

James Brolin, Sam Waterston, and O.J. Simpson are fine as the astronauts stolen from glory. Brenda Vaccaro scores solidly as Brolin's wife, while Hal Holbrook, an actor incapable of giving a bad performance, gives another chilling role his best with quiet but determined perversity of character.

Jerry Goldsmith's score is a striking and articulate extension of Peter Hyams's directorial skills. *Capricorn One* is a sometimes flawed, yet generally satisfying thriller that peaks with breathtaking intensity. While not perfection, it is not to be missed.

-STEVE VERTLIEB

DAMIEN--OMEN II

Produced by Harvey Bernhard. Directed by Don Taylor. Screenplay by Stanley Mann and Michael Hodges. Music by Jerry Goldsmith. Starring William Holden (Richard Thorn), Lee Grant (Ann Thorn), Jonathan Scott-Taylor (Damien Thorn), Robert Foxworth (Paul Buher), Lucas Donat (Mark Thorn), Nicholas Pryor (Charles Warren), Lew Ayres (Bill Atherton), Sylvia Sidney (Aunt Marion), Lance Henriksen (Sgt. Neff). A Twentieth Century-Fox release. Color by DeLuxe. Running time: 109 minutes. Rating: R.

As in the case of most success stories, *The Omen* was an omen of things to come. The deserved popularity of Richard Donner's original film inspired something less than inspired press releases to the effect that *The Omen* would be followed by no less than three sequels, each film taking the young Damien to a new phase of his infamous career. With the release of the second film in the series, however, the strategy seemed to have changed. After only two entries in the series, it was announced that the third and fourth sequels would be merged into a third and final entrant. After a viewing of *Damien--Omen II*, it isn't difficult to guess why.

Omen II has little in common with its frightening predecessor. Although its starring performers are no less illustrious than in the cast of the original, the picture just never seems to come to life. It is in fact a plodding, ponderous, unimaginative bore. From early on in the film, when Sylvia Sidney expires simply by waking from her nap and staring into the supposedly hypnotic eyes of a glorified crow, it becomes painfully evident





DAMIEN OMEN II

The first time was only a warning.

A HARVEY BERNHARD PRODUCTION
IN ASSOCIATION WITH MACE NEUFELD
WILLIAM HOLDEN LEE GRANT
DAMIEN - OMEN II

Produced by HARVEY BERNHARD Co-Produced by CHARLES ORME
Directed by DON TAYLOR

Screenplay by STANLEY MANN and MICHAEL HODGES
Story by HARVEY BERNHARD Music JERRY GOLDSMITH

that *Omen II* will offer few scenes of substance or originality.

The fault for *Damien's* creative failure must be laid squarely upon the shoulders of writer-producer Harvey Bernhard and his strictly pedestrian director, Don Taylor, a former actor who may be remembered for his starring role in *Love Slaves of the Amazon*. Bernhard's story takes the now adolescent Damien Thorn to military school where, with proper training,

young Damien might have emerged every bit as twisted as his satanic influence. Fortunately, the military training is so bland that the child turns, only naturally, to the devil for inspiration. Assuming that he receives it, the youngster becomes the only inspired creation in the cast.

William Holden and Lee Grant play Damien's newest set of foster parents. For plot convenience Holden is the brother of Damien's former parent, played with grace and style in the original film by Gregory Peck. After the deaths of Peck and his wife, Damien goes to live with his business-entrenched relations at their equally palatial estate. Satan, it seems, travels in only the best circles. Holden heads Thorn Industries, a huge conglomerate with worldwide affiliations whose corporate structure consists, handily, of devil's advocates only too happy to help Damien along the path to fame and misfortune.

Conveniently, even the outwardly benign military institution which the youngster calls home is manned by a gruff but lovable sergeant who is in league with the devil. This is strictly bush league, however. Damien's true protector is Robert Foxworth as the up-and-coming president of his father's company. People come, quickly learn "the awful secret," and then go even more quickly. The fastest departure, without qualification, belongs to the young doctor who discovers that Damien's blood cells are not of human origin, but belong to a jackal instead. After an elevating ascent to the top, the doctor's career quickly plummets to the bottom.

Ian Hendry and Leo McKern, two fine British actors, are dispatched much too quickly in a ludicrously



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staged sequence in the film's opening moments. Seemingly patterned after William Friedkin's striking prologue from *The Exorcist*, Hendry and McKern descend into the bowels of the earth to discover a strange archaeological find. Ancient carvings and molding statues line the floor of the cavern, while disturbing representations from the Book of Revelation appear over the walls. In the center of these is the image of Damien Thorn, the Anti-christ. Seconds after making this startling discovery, the entire building caves in on the hapless pair. Had there been indoor plumbing on the set, the kitchen sink might have made an appearance.

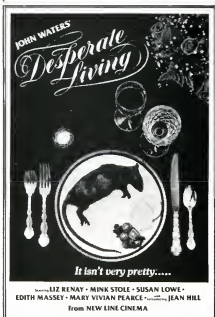
One of the film's more grizzly deaths occurs when an enterprising friend of the family finds himself caught between two rapidly colliding train cars as his navel provides the coupling hook. Damien doesn't seem to care how he disposes of people. At the conclusion of the film, Lee Grant, a disciple all along, dispatches Bill Holden in a reverse phallic exchange that asks the musical question: Which of Damien's lucky relatives will inherit the little dear next? At this rate there can't be many left. Perhaps a second cousin on the jackal's side?

In his next performance, Damien, presumably, will become a wealthy, devil-may-care man of the world with Barbi Benton by his side and a permanent invitation to the Playboy Mansion. And when the debacle has subsided, a terminally bored citizenry will bang at the walls of Twentieth Century-Fox to ask the tortured question ... "WHY, WHY?" The answer will thunder down from the heavens ... "THE DEVIL MADE US DO IT."

-STEVE VERTLIEB

DESPERATE LIVING

Produced, directed, and written by John Waters. Music composed and arranged by Chris Lobinger and Allen Yarus. Production manager: Pat Moran. Editor: Charles Roggero. Starring Liz Renay (Muffy St. Jacques), Mink Stole (Peggy Gravel), Susan Lowe (Mole McHenry), Edith Massey (Queen Carlotta), Mary Vivian Pearce (Princess Coo-Coo), Jean Hill (Grizelda Brown), Cookie Mueller (Flipper), Marina Melin (Shina), Sharon Niesp (Shotsie), Ed Peranio (Lt. Wilson), Steve Butow (Lt. Grogan), Channing Wilroy (Lt. Williams), George Stover (Bosley Gravel). A Charm City production. Released by New Line Cinema Corp. Color. Running time: 90 minutes. Rating: Self-imposed X.



Anyone who has seen any of the Divine films (e.g., *Multiple Maniacs*, *Pink Flamingos*, or *Female Trouble*) will know who John Waters is. If not, there is literally no way to adequately describe him to the uninitiated. I will, however, try to do my best.

John Waters is a writer, director, and producer, and, by normal standards, his films (pick any one) are bizarre, sick, and tasteless. They are also very funny and entertaining, by liberal standards. Vulgar and outrageous would probably be the most descriptive adjectives. He has made it his trademark to concoct insane plots and people them with transvestites, pervers, bisexuals, murderers, etc., etc. You name it, he's got it.

In *Multiple Maniacs*, Waters has Divine raped by a giant lobster, and in



Publisher George Stover being taunted again, this time in the John Waters film *Desperate Living*. The young lady of his affections is Mink Stole. Photo by Steve Yeager.

the first twenty minutes of the film he has a traveling sideshow of freaks make a stop in Suburbia, U.S.A. (Baltimore, Maryland). The cast of freaks includes a puke-eater, a junkie in the agony of withdrawal, a pair of kissing homosexuals, and various other sundry social outcasts. The suburbanites are repulsed by it all, but they can't take their eyes off it. In *Pink Flamingos*, we meet the now famous Egg Lady, portrayed by a Waters regular, Edith Massey. The Egg Lady is an overweight woman who lives to eat eggs of every kind; she spends her days in a playpen while Divine fights to maintain her title as the filthiest person alive. In *Female Trouble*, Divine (as Dawn Davenport) knocks over the Christmas tree and throws it on top of her mother when her parents fail to give her the pair of Cha-Cha heels she wanted. "Dawn" runs away from home and eventually becomes a mutilator and a murderer.

Desperate Living is Waters's latest film, and his only film in recent years that doesn't star Divine.

It opens in the well-to-do home of Peggy and Bosley Gravel (portrayed by Mink Stole and George Stover), again, somewhere in the suburbs of Baltimore, Waters's home town. Mink Stole, another Waters regular, is marvelous as the fruitcake wife of Bosley, and Stover is equally as perfect as the milktoast quivering under his wife's demands.

Peggy Gravel has just been released from a mental hospital and is still a nervous, raving wreck. A baseball smashes through her bedroom window and she screams at the children down below, accusing them of trying to kill her. She tells one boy in particu-



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lar that she hates him, his mother, and the Supreme Court as well (for allowing "this lawlessness and malicious destruction of property to run rampant!"). Then, the telephone rings. It's a wrong number, and Peggy becomes angry at the person on the other end of the line because of the thirty seconds that the conversation has stolen from her life. Peggy then proceeds to tell the female caller that she hates her, her husband, her children, and her relatives. She then stumbles downstairs, and, in looking for Bosley, finds her young son and daughter playing a harmless game of "doctor." She screams at the little girl, "You could be pregnant, Beth!" Turning to the boy she says, "And as for you...I never thought you'd rape your own sister!"

By this time the audience is in stitches, and it goes on from there. Several following scenes involve Bosley and their black maid, Grizelda, who is extremely fat and obnoxious and a riot to watch. Through a series of bizarre events, Peggy and the 400-pound maid end up killing Bosley and flee the scene.

One scene that sticks in my mind is the one in which Peggy, at the wheel of her Mercedes, runs over the rotting corpse of a dog as she heads out of town. It is impossible to translate the resulting sound on paper.

Peggy and Grizelda are stopped by a perverted policeman and directed to a nearby town called Mortville, a place where people go to escape the law and killers can live scot-free.

Mortville is a disgusting place, vile and filthy, yet its appearance is almost like a decadent town in a fairy tale. In fact, *Desperate Living* is like a fairy tale in a number of ways; Mortville is inhabited by a motley collection of some of

the most repulsive people alive, and the ruling power is a blob of a bitch named Queen Carlotta, played by the aforementioned Edith Massey. The Queen's daughter, played by Mary Vivian Pearce, is for all intents and purposes a princess in distress. Even the ending is very much like the ending of a fairy tale, as strange as it is. But it's the Queen herself who is the incarnation of all the evil we ever read in fairy tales as children. By the end of the film, Carlotta has force-fed her subjects (i.e., prisoners) live cockroaches, made them wear outlandish and tacky outfits, and submit to tortures like "Backwards Day" when any forward movement is punishable by death. She treats her subjects this way because she despises them. Her ultimate plan is to infect them all with rabies.

Waters's films are characterized by tacky, brightly colored sets, intentionally cheap production values, and what appears to be bad acting. I say "appears to be" because in any other film, the majority of performances would be viewed as being atrocious. But within the World of Waters, exaggerated acting is as vital to the proceedings as surrealism is to the work of Dali.

It works like this: if you had top-notch actors like Dreyfuss or Dunaway or DeNiro acting in a John Waters film, it might be an interesting experiment but it most certainly would not be a John Waters film. The powerful and familiar personalities and egos would obscure Waters's ideas beyond recognition. On the other hand, most of the Waters regulars would seem out of place in a major feature film. I couldn't quite see someone like an Edith Massey, for example, doing a whole hell of a lot in a Martin Scorsese



FILM REVIEWS

film, or a DePalma film, or even a Roger Corman film. An Altman film, maybe, but I still doubt it.

A local film critic said this about *Desperate Living*: "What [this] film proves is that this is indeed a free nation. You can make a film like this if you want to, and you can go see it if you want to. People are doing both."

John Waters's films are fun films, to be taken primarily at face value, but also to be remembered. It cannot be said that Waters is ripping anyone off or cashing in on a fad that someone else has started. He is an original filmmaker who has done more for the American avant-garde film than Andy Warhol ever has.

-MARK BURBEY

THE EVIL

Produced by Ed Carlin. Directed by Gus Trikonis. Screenplay by Donald G. Thompson. Music by Johnny Harris. Starring Richard Crenna (C.J.), Joanna Pettet (Caroline), Andrew Prine (Raymond), Cassie Yates (Mary), Lynne Moddy (Felecia), Victor Buono (Devil), George O'Hanlon, Jr. (Pete), Mary Louise Weller (Laurie), Robert Viharo (Dwight), Milton Selzer (realtor), Galen Thompson (Vargas). A Rangoon Production released by New World Pictures. Color by Movie Lab. Running time: 89 minutes. Rating: R.

It has always been my contention that haunted-house movies produce more genuine chills than any Frankenstein, vampire, or werewolf foray. Let's face it, beneath the pancake, fangs, and phony hair, we know that an actor is eking out a living. But ghosts? Ah hah! That's a different story and a little too close to our primal superstitions and basic

fears of the unknown. That's why films like *The Uninvited*, *Curse of the Demon*, *The Innocents*, *The Haunting*, and *Legend of Hell House* have all become classics in their time and are still capable after many viewings of producing cold shivers up the spine.

I'm not sure if *The Evil* will ever become such a cult classic as the aforementioned, but it sure tries hard. From the opening scenes when the caretaker of the old house is consumed in a fiery furnace, director Gus Trikonis sets us up for the unnerving events to follow. Richard Crenna and Joanna Pettet, playing a husband and wife psychologist team, plan to renovate the mansion as a drug rehabilitation center. Right from the start, Pettet sees things that her husband can't: a carved head over the fireplace turning to glare at her and a ghostly apparition that she is not quite sure is evil or benign. After enlisting the aid of fellow colleagues and students to fix up the place, Crenna inadvertently unleashes "The Evil" from the cellar, at which point windows and doors slam shut and a mysterious force surrounds the



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house, trapping the cast inside for the remainder of the film.

There is no letup to the terrifying events that follow. From the first "fake" death which sent the audience leaping from their seats to the brutal but uncanny rape by an invisible assailant, director Trikonis succeeds in continually riveting the viewer. It is both to his credit and that of his cast that such scenes as a man sawing off his own hand cause us to gasp rather than giggle. Even the dog, man's best friend turned possessed demon, evokes unpleasant chills. And one by one, all are eliminated until the final ten minutes when Crenna and Pettet descend into the fiery pit and come face to face with the devil himself.

And, unhappily, it is at this point that *The Evil* falls apart. Until this time, all assaults upon the cast have been made more frightening by our imagination. But when Crenna and Pettet are groping about in that whitewashed world of fog and smoke and suddenly encounter Victor Buono, chuckling malevolently, in white tie and tails, a comic book caricature of His Satanic Majesty prevails, our fears subside, and we are inclined to laugh. Even when Buono sprouts horns from his sooty head, the terrifying events that went before cannot be recalled and we are immune to fear. It is as if we had been jolted from a nightmare, only instead of waking in darkness, director Trikonis comforts us by saying that our dream was not as bad as we thought but really sort of funny. Too bad, because if we had not been so blatantly assured it was only a dream, a shiver or two might still possess us when recalling those unseen terrors of *The Evil*.

-JOHN E. PARNUM

THE FURY

Produced by Frank Yablans. Directed by Brian DePalma. Screenplay by John Farris from his novel. Music by John Williams. Starring Kirk Douglas (Peter), John Cassavetes (Childress), Carrie Snodgrass (Hester), Charles Durning (Dr. McKeever), Amy Irving (Gillian), Fiona Lewis (Susan), Andrew Stevens (Robin), Carol Rossen (Dr. Lindstrom), Frank Yablans (goon on radio). A Twentieth Century-Fox release. Color by DeLuxe. Running time: 117 minutes. Rating: R.



Brian DePalma's newest film, *The Fury*, is further evidence that the director of such works as *Obsession*, *Carrie*, and *Phantom of the Paradise* is, perhaps, the most gifted visual director working in films today. In a recent interview with Dick Cavett, DePalma



explained that his early emulation of Alfred Hitchcock was a learning experience. Hitchcock's films, he explained, were technically flawless because Hitchcock had developed a perfect cinematic grammar, a visual language that had to be absorbed before a director could properly express himself on film. DePalma has studied his craft well, for his own personal cinematic grammar has grown more impressive with each new film.

In *The Fury*, automobiles pursue one another in an impeccably choreographed sequence in which the human participants simply go along for the ride. A spinning amusement ride takes on a personality of its own as it careens wildly out of control, in apparent homage to the sabotaged carousel of *Strangers on a Train*. Andrew Stevens as a young man possessed of strange psychic abilities is virtually imprisoned by a government agency and mentally consumed by a small army of electronic wonders. The message at the heart of *The Fury* would seem to be that mechanization is insidiously supplanting humanity with the aid and comfort of a society that has grown too large to accommodate the individual.

Kirk Douglas plays the boy's father with determination and skill, recalling an earlier period of the actor's career when his range and intensity lit the screen with its brilliance. Under DePalma's guiding hand, Douglas rekindles that early fire for the first time since John Frankenheimer's *Seven Days in May*. The actor's performance is a joy to watch, particularly his anguish at the death of his lover, Hester, played by Carrie Snodgrass, in a freak car accident...another hapless victim of rampant technology.

John Cassavetes, the human extension of *The Fury*'s electronic villainy, supervises the attempted assassination of his former colleague, Douglas, in order to incarcerate and scrutinize his son. When Douglas escapes the treachery, he spends the remainder of the film attempting to locate and rescue the boy. With Hester's help he learns of a psychic institute where Stevens had been held and later meets Gillian, an unfortunate young girl with the same psychic gifts. Amy Irving, the "good girl" of *Carrie*, amply justifies DePalma's faith in her as Gillian, upon whose shoulders the major weight of the film must fall. A lovely, radiant actress, Irving senses the plight of the captive youth and overcomes her own fears in helping to track him down. It is a sensitive, understated performance.

With flamboyant imagery and intensity of style, *The Fury* races to its explosive climax, culminating in what must surely be the most gruesome demise of a villain in the history of motion pictures. While DePalma has recently been criticized for his blood-strewn finale, it should be remembered that as a former medical student the director's tolerance for blood is somewhat higher than that of the desk-bound critics who tear his work apart. In fairness to DePalma, it is unlikely that the insertion of such bloody graphics is a conscious effort on his part to shock. In the director's view, the spilling of blood is simply the logical conclusion of violent acts, and no more shocking than the acts themselves.

The Fury, admittedly, is a bloody and frequently violent film. Yet it is also a film of uncommon beauty with moments of great poignancy and a cine-



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matic skill that cannot be denied. Complementing DePalma's visual expertise is a superb musical score by John Williams. The late Bernard Herrmann seemed on the verge of pursuing yet another successful collaboration when he joined forces with DePalma in scoring both *Sisters* and *Obsession*. Herrmann's premature passing left a hole in the director's weave, unsatisfactorily filled in *Carrie* by Pino Donaggio. In John Williams, DePalma has found the perfect collaborator with whom to perfect his musical expression. Williams's mastery of

the film score complements perfectly each nuance and shading portrayed or implied visually. Like the film, Williams's music is powerful, yet tender and hauntingly lovely.

Brian DePalma, an admitted favorite in these pages, may be criticized in certain circles for his choice of subject matter but not for his treatment and handling of that matter. In these things the director is the master of our experience, for DePalma is an artist.

-STEVE VERTLIEB

THE INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN

Produced by Samuel W. Gelfman. Written and directed by William Sachs. Music by Arlon Ober. Special effects and makeup by Rick Baker. Starring Alex Rebar (Col. Steven West/Melting Man), Burr DeBenning (Dr. Ted Nelson),

Myron Healey (Gen. Perry), Michael Aldredge (Sheriff Blake), Ann Sweeny (Judy Nelson), Lisle Wilson (Dr. Loring). A Max J. Rosenberg/Samuel W. Gelfman production released by American International. Color by Movielab. Running time: 86 minutes. Rating: R.

The advertising for *The Incredible Melting Man* is a put-on and a blatant lie. "The first new horror creature!" proclaim the posters, when in fact there have been previous melting men such as Vincent Price in *Tales of Terror*, Ernest Borgnine and disciples in *The Devil's Rain*, and the oozing astronaut in *First Man into Space*, the film from which *The Incredible M and M* (he melts on the screen, not in your hands) was remade. Elsewhere on the posters is a flowery quote from *The New York Times* about special effects being "at the heart of what movie-making really is" and how "their unique quality cannot be duplicated," followed by the erroneous fact that Rick Baker "who brought you the magic of *The Exorcist* is now the new master of special effects." Bull! As everyone



knows, Dick Smith was the creative genius behind *The Exorcist*; his assistant Rick Baker contributed work on the stand-in dummy of Linda Blair. In all fairness to Mr. Baker, he has publicly announced that the *Exorcist* tie-in on American International's ads has proven to be a source of embarrassment to him. Baker is a brilliant artist whose masks of the 1976 *King Kong* and for the denizens of the Mos Eisley cantina scene from *Star Wars* justify his astonishing talent. In fact, it was because Rick Baker created the makeup and special effects that I forked out \$3.50 to see *The Incredible Melting Man*...an incredible mess.

The infantile plot of the film can be summed up in one sentence: After returning from Saturn, Colonel Steven West develops a disgusting fungus and ravenous appetite for human flesh, while his friends try to find him before he dissolves into a puddle of putrefaction. The cliché-ridden script by director William Sachs contains such sparkling dialogue as: "Oh God, it's his ear!" from someone following a trail of goo; "Don't quote me, but that wasn't done by any animal!" says another coming upon a half-eaten corpse; and "You've never seen anything until you've seen the sun through the rings of Saturn!" which Sachs finds so profound that he includes it in numerous flashbacks. The music composed (or should I say "decomposed"?) and conducted by Arlon Ober sounds as if Mr. Ober had run his thumb over a comb while sitting on the studio john.

The less said about the acting the better, although I must state that after Alex Rebar as Steven West delivers his "rings of Saturn" line, we can be thankful he becomes permanently mute as the melting man. And I might add

that never in my history of moviegoing have I seen an actress (Ann Sweeny) look and sound as if she were reading from a Teleprompter.

So that leaves the special effects and makeup by Rick Baker--the reason for my splurge to see *The Incredible Melting Man*. Disappointing...devastatingly so. First, it is obvious that a mask instead of makeup is used to cover Rebar since the actor's normal eye can be seen blinking beneath. The other eye and nose have disappeared halfway through the film, although this affliction doesn't seem to hinder the melting man's daily activities one bit. And strangely enough, the more Rebar melts, the bigger he appears to become. In long shots, it would seem that no makeup or mask at all was applied, and, after an arm has dropped off, the actor's real arm may be noticed tied clumsily in front of him. Shots of melting feet show stiff unbending toes as if Karo syrup had been poured over a pair of fireman's boots. But once again, in fairness to Rick Baker, the talented makeup artist has gone on record declaring that because of time and budget limitations he was forced to abandon some really startling effects and resort to rubber masks. Producer Samuel Gelfman must have found a few bucks lying around at the finish of filming because the final putrefaction is almost worth that \$3.50 admission. It is unfortunate that this climactic scene of the melting man dissolving into a puddle is spoiled by a ludicrous closing credit ending of a street cleaner trying to sweep up the mess and finally throwing up his hands in disgust. But then again, it is only fitting--this is what most of the audience did upon leaving the theater.

-JOHN E. PARNUM



CINEMACABRE

JAWS 2

Just when you thought it was
safe to go back in the water...

JAWS 2



**ROY
SCHEIDER**

**LORRAINE
GARY**

**MURRAY
HAMILTON**

JAWS 2

A ZANUCK/BROWN PRODUCTION

Produced by Richard D. Zanuck and David Brown. Directed by Jeannot Szwarc. Screenplay by Carl Gottlieb and Howard Sackler based on the characters created by Peter Benchley. Music by John Williams. Starring Roy Scheider (Brody), Lorraine Gary (Ellen Brody), Murray Hamilton (Mayor Vaughn), Joseph Mascolo (Peterson), Jeffrey Kramer (Hendricks), Collin Wilcox (Dr. Elkins), Ann Dusenberry (Tina). A Universal Pictures release. Color by Technicolor. Running time: 117 minutes. Rating: PG.

The long-awaited sequel to Steven Spielberg's *Jaws* is neither as bad nor as good as its critics and proponents had predicted. What it is, to be sure, is an entertaining and sometimes frightening film attempting to cash in on the reputation of the second highest grossing motion picture in history. It has a taste of wit, a glimpse of style, and the ability to generate, as did its predecessor, the primal terror inherent in each of us when confronted with the prospect of being eaten alive.

Jeannot Szwarc's direction is consistently competent, his craft having been learned on the ever steady production line at Universal television and, more often than not, as staff director for the *Night Gallery* programs. Television seldom asks anything more from its directors than a basic, parochial approach to its presentations with the resultant gray, lackluster finish that we've come to expect from the medium dominating the industry. Seldom is any individuality of style encouraged and, while such technicians do their work efficiently, it is rare that a television director is able to expand his creative horizons and bridge the gap from small screen to large. Sadly, Szwarc has proven to be the rule rather than the exception for, while there are indeed moments of excitement within the fabric of *Jaws 2*, they can be attributed as much to audience expectation as they can to directorial distinction.

The screenplay by Carl Gottlieb and Howard Sackler is similarly inadequate, throwing characterization to the wind and leaving gaping holes unfilled. Why, for instance, is a new shark staking out the once calm waters of Amity for a second time? Why would a



pair of wealthy young divers make a special trip to the sight of the first shark demise for the purpose of photographing the sunken wreck of the Orca? Many of the nation's critics have written of the size of the second shark, her sexual identity, and her apparent pregnancy. With so much expository dialogue written about the film prior to its release, one must either assume that these sequences were cut, or that those writing in advance of the national release had read Hank Searls's published novelization of the screenplay. The book, while answering some of the questions left unanswered by Gottlieb and Sackler, is a strikingly different version of the story and quite superior to the picture in release.

It is unclear at what evolution of the script the novelization was penned since the completed draft passed through many fingers prior to filming. Perhaps Searls's version of the story would have proven too expensive to produce, for at no time during the visualization is the shark's pregnancy ever spoken of or implied.

Technically the film must again take a back seat to its acclaimed inspirator. Despite the rather unconvincing claim by Richard Zanuck that the shark in the original film remained camera shy due to its mechanical failure rather than Spielberg's design, the movie shark does not benefit from over-exposure. Spielberg guessed correctly when he reasoned that implied danger is always more terrifying than a clearly defined menace. After several lingering tight shots of the multitoothed protagonist rearing its head through the water, a sense of perspective begins to rear its head, as well, and the shark at once appears more rubbery

and lifeless than we had remembered it.

Lifeless is also the word for the performances of the child-actors who cavort on land and sea. Psychologists tell us that the most unnerving sight a child can see is the sight of an adult unnerved. The feelings of audience terror generated by *Jaws 1* can be largely attributed to the feelings of helplessness experienced by more mature cast members at the mercy of a force more powerful than themselves. Teen and preteen children are apt to become emotional under the most benign circumstances. Maturity brings a greater sense of perspective and with it, perhaps, a loss of unreasoning fears. Hence, a film preoccupied with the terror of teenagers will not be as frightening to mass audiences as one in which the adults fear for their lives as well.

Still, it must be admitted that, while not a second classic, *Jaws 2* does manage successfully to entertain. There are more than enough encounters with the dreaded swimming piano to satisfy most audiences. Roy Scheider is the force that seems to hold it all together. With a delicately balanced feel for subtlety, Scheider's understated performance manages to convey not only fear, but its underlying comedic bewilderment in a single glance. One of those consistently credible performers, Scheider is able to convey belief when all around him seems absurd.

John Williams has contributed yet another fine, exciting score derived, in part, from themes based on his earlier composition. *Jaws*, sire and remake, owe as much of their popularity to Williams's driving theme as to the shark of the title. More than the mu-



CINEMACABRE

sical statement of a mighty protagonist, Williams, once again, has penned an eloquent tribute to the glory of the sea.

The ability to frighten is a powerful force, and while its spell remains undimmed, there will be Jaws afloat in our national consciousness for years to come. No simple fish story, this.

-STEVE VERTLIEB

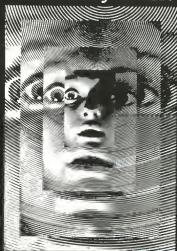
JENNIFER

Produced by Steve Krantz. Directed by Brice Mack. Screenplay by Kay Cousins Johnson from a story by Steve Krantz. Music by Jerry Styner with title song composed and sung by Porter Jordan. Starring Lisa Pelikan (Jennifer Baylor), Bert Convy (Jeff Reed), Nina Foch (Mrs. Calley), Amy Johnston (Sandra Tremayne), John Gavin (Sen. Tremayne), Jeff Corey (Luke Baylor), Louise Hoven (Jane Delano). Released by American International. Color by CFL. Running time: 90 minutes. Rating: PG.

Jennifer is a *Carrie*-on ripoff, and it is a wonder that Brian DePalma or someone at United Artists hasn't sued American International for plagiarism. Not that anyone connected with the Sissy Spacek box office success of two years ago has anything to worry about; it's just phenomenal that *Jennifer* can get away with so many similar scenes.

Jennifer Baylor attends a posh school for girls as a token scholarship student. Like *Carrie*, she is taunted and made fun of by her classmates, even to the point of being humiliated in a shower incident. A zealously religious parent further complicates her life, and her only real friend is an understanding teacher. The difference between the two films is that while *Carrie* was resigned to her role as a misfit, Jennifer stubbornly tries to make friends and better herself, and her failure to do so makes her a far more pathetic character. Also, instead of telekinesis, Jennifer's power is the ability to call forth a slithering army of snakes when she can no longer tolerate the mistreatments of her tormentors. The reptiles, however, have a slightly rubbery look about them and appear far from sinister

She's a holy Terror!



JENNIFER

...makes "CARRIE" look like an angel!

A STEVE KRANTZ Production

"JENNIFER"

Starring LISA PELIKAN · BERT CONVY · NINA FOCH

AMY JOHNSTON and JOHN GAVIN as Senior Preceptors

Co-Starring JEFF COREY · LOUISE HOVEN

RAY UNDERWOOD and WESLEY EURE as Peers

Directed by IRVING GOODNOFF · STEVE KRANTZ

Screenplay by KAY COUSINS JOHNSON · STEVE KRANTZ

Directed by BRICE MACK

Color by CFL. Prints by MOVIELAN

An American International Release

PG PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED

Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 10



despite the accompaniment of numerous offscreen rattles.

Lisa Pelikan (her agent should make some discreet suggestions about that last name), who got off to a good start as the young Vanessa Redgrave in *Julia*, sensitively portrays the title role, although it is a shame to waste her talents in such drivel. Also, it is unfortunate that her red frizzled hair is reminiscent of that worn by Piper Laurie to further perpetuate the *Carrie* comparison. Amy Johnston as Sandra Tremayne is a trifle too sweet and pretty to be Jennifer's major menace, but fellow conspirator Louise Hoven as a plump misfit who crosses over to Jennifer's side after a brutal rape is surprisingly convincing and has talent

worth watching. Nina Foch, who starred in the 1944 *Cry of the Werewolf*, has surfaced after many years and emerges as well-cured ham. As the bitchy headmistress who takes Sandra's side because her father (John Gavin) is the rich and powerful Senator Tremayne, she--and Gavin--play their scenes as though they were filmed in a different place for a different movie. The blame for this, of course, must fall upon the consistently uneven direction by Brice Mack. Irv Goodoff's photography is tolerable, but the same cannot be said for the abysmal screenplay by Kay Cousins Johnson. Producer Steve Krantz, who fared somewhat better with *Ruby* and who takes responsibility for the story, should be ashamed of this mess.

—JOHN E. PARNUM

THE SERPENT'S EGG



Produced by Dino De Laurentiis. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. Music by Rolf Wilhelm. Starring Liv Ullmann (Manuela), David Carradine (Abel), Gert Frøbe (Inspector Bauer), Heinz Bennent (Hans Vergerus), James Whitmore (priest). A Paramount Picture. Color by Eastmancolor. Running time: 120 minutes. Rating: R.

Berlin, 1923. The rain and drizzle have been uninterrupted for days. To a people recently beaten in war, the sun seems a dimming memory. The gloom seems bleaker because of the anarchic deutsche mark, the value of which has been plummeting beyond control. Disorder no longer elicits panic, however--conditions have passed that stage. Instead, to a voiceless crowd trudging about their business, disorder has become a way of life.

The gray, disjointed setting of *The*

CINEMACABRE

Serpent's Egg is pivotal to an appreciation of this, one of Ingmar Bergman's finest films. We are comfortably uncomfortable with Bergman when he probes into psychologies and personal relationships; if we seek such customary humanity in this movie we face certain disappointment. To be sure, the characterizations, well played by David Carradine and Liv Ullmann, are vivid and substantial. Carradine is miscast as a shortsighted Jewish high-wire performer who is currently out of work, but who is walking the tightrope between paranoia and persecution; Liv Ullmann is his recently widowed sister-in-law. But these characters are more or less incidental to the film's main subject, which is not a character at all. Rather, *The Serpent's Egg* is about a mood, the *zeitgeist* that permeates the Langian metropolis and inspires its dehumanized inhabitants with fear and discontent.

Bergman has done with cinema what Poe sought to do in his short stories. Every facet of the film is directed toward achieving a single desired effect. The tone is verbalized by a fearful Carradine when, waking from a restless sleep, he tells his sister-in-law that the apprehension of reality is worse than his nightmare. Not yet; but Bergman is pulling the action and symbolism into a steadily narrowing spiral of fear and paranoia, and for Carradine, reality soon will be indistinguishable from nightmare. In a striking, offhanded scene, we see, as we follow Carradine through the streets, an enterprising German selling handfuls of meat scooped from the slaughtered horse that had been pulling his wagon. When we return to this setting, the flesh is gone; the half-

exposed skeleton is still lying in the street. By showing us a starving public reduced to carnivorous bestiality, Bergman implies that the next remove may be cannibalism.

Hannah Arendt has noted that when abnormality becomes normal, the distance to atrocity is shortened. The sweet Liv Ullmann may think nothing of dyeing her hair green; she will not recoil at the lampooning of a Jew--these have become commonplaces of her workaday cabaret life. She sees more brutal attacks as she walks through the streets. In the living nightmare sequence near the film's end, Carradine is caught in the labyrinthine bowels of the "research" hospital where he is working. He struggles with a faceless pursuer whose head is crushed by a descending elevator (reminiscent of the Lodger's fate in that 1944 film), then stumbles into an experimentation room where he meets a fascist doctor. The doctor is Liv Ullmann's voyeur-suitor, responsible for "behavior" experiments that have led to her death. The action, snowballing, pitching toward the surreal, climaxes with the doctor's chronicling of his own poisoning for posterity. Carradine, overcome, faints into the hands of the intervening police, with whom he has had meetings following the death of Liv Ullmann's husband.

When he awakes in a hospital room, the sun is shining. The rain is gone. The pestilential influences have dispersed. Order has been restored in some small measure, embodied by the police chief who informs Carradine that a putsch in Munich has failed miserably, its vocal dissidents jailed. We wonder at this sunlight, the darkest we have ever seen.

-ROBERT HELLER





It has been a banner year for recorded film music. The past twelve months have seen many of filmdom's most treasured musical memories shared at last with the private collector. It has proven a difficult but joyous task to keep up with the many new releases, and there are countless more on the way. Perhaps the most stunning new recordings are derived not from the classical symphonic scores of decades ago, however, but from a most unexpected source. While it has been assumed rather safely that the "Golden Age" of the Hollywood film score lasted roughly from 1933 until the early sixties, it is now becoming increasingly evident that musical tastes have altered sufficiently to permit the emergence of a new renaissance of symphonic composition.

The miraculous flowering of John Williams's talent has been a lovely, almost magical, metamorphosis. Achieving early recognition in the late fifties as a jazz and television composer, Johnny Williams began scoring such popular series as *M Squad*, *Wide Country*, and *Alcoa Premiere*. Along with Henry Mancini, Williams discovered that television was a lucrative and challenging training ground for young composers. In 1964 Williams began a collaboration with science fiction producer Irwin Allen that was to last for ten years. Beginning with Allen's first entry into the field, *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*, Williams was to score every television series and feature that Allen produced until 1974.

More often than not, Williams's musical themes became the only memorable elements to survive *Voyage*, *Lost in Space*, *The Time Tunnel*, and *Land of the Giants*, a series of repulsive

children's programs that hurt the cause of televised science fiction immeasurably. Happily, when Allen returned to more ambitious theatrical ventures, he took Williams along.

While Williams's television period revealed a talented, multifaceted craftsman, there was little evidence to suggest that his gifts would ever elevate him beyond the limitations imposed by television. It wasn't until 1970, with the score for Delbert Mann's television adaption of *Jane Eyre*, followed by Allen's *The Poseidon Adventure* several years later, that indications of a more profound talent began to emerge.

The final collaboration between Williams and Allen, *The Towering Inferno* (1974), proved to be Williams's first large symphonic score for a motion picture. A year later Williams was to write the score for a film by a largely inexperienced young director by the name of Steven Spielberg. An adventure thriller in the mold of Merian Cooper's *King Kong*, the new film told the horrifying story of a large, great white shark that had ravaged the waters of a peaceful coastal community known as Amity. From *Jaws* emerged a vibrant, spectacularly new John Williams who had perfectly captured the fury and incalculable ferocity of a man-eating predator in much the same way that Max Steiner had captured in music the rampage of *King Kong* over forty years earlier. For his work the composer was awarded a richly deserved Academy Award.

As thrilling a score as this Oscar winner was, however, Williams's most gratifying metamorphosis was still two years in the future. Despite the exciting promise of *Jaws*, there were few who could have predicted the inspired



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grandeur of *Star Wars*, a work light-years ahead of anything in Williams's past, a score so infinitely superior to the musical output of world-cinema of the last fifteen years that its sudden appearance in a film that was virtually unheralded until its release last year is almost beyond comprehension.

The most thrilling romantic film score since Korngold's *The Adventures of Robin Hood* in 1938, *Star Wars* has elevated John Williams to a status not shared by a single contemporary, to a plateau of excellence previously occupied by only the "Masters" from the golden era. With *Star Wars*, Williams becomes the first modern composer of the post-1950 period to earn for himself a respect, a reverence reserved until now only for such legendary musicians as Miklos Rozsa, Bernard Herrmann, Alfred Newman, Franz Waxman, Max Steiner, Dimitri Tiomkin, and Victor Young.

With the skilled assistance of orchestrator Herbert Spencer, Williams has envisioned a score that may endure beyond speculation. Performed flawlessly by the London Symphony Orchestra under the composer's direction, the score of *Star Wars* is an event, a monumental work whose beauty and power have made it a favorite among popular and classical music enthusiasts alike. Its love theme is hauntingly beautiful, while its throne room "march" will likely begin a new career as the triumphant accompaniment to military and college graduations, as well as all manner of sporting events throughout the decades to come.

Star Wars was not the culmination of a career but rather a startling self-discovery and the beginning of an entirely new career. It was a scant seven

months later that John Williams unveiled *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, a score of nearly reverential cosmic splendor and visionary eloquence. Working on the theory that construction of music based upon a partially finished screenplay is far more restrictive than a wholly original score fashioned from the fabric of the composer's own imagination, Williams began work on *Close Encounters* two years before the film was completed. From conversations with director Steven Spielberg along the way, he gained further insight into the director's aspirations, yet the music of the picture is largely a free-style musical translation of Williams's own mystic dreams. Complex and daring, the score for *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* is a milestone in film music, a haunting, ethereal composition in tribute to the rediscovered genius of John Williams.

The story goes that when Alfred Hitchcock was made an executive of Universal Pictures, he became so sensitive to the demands of commercial opportunism that he knowingly picked a fight with Bernard Herrmann on the recording stage so that he might replace him with another composer capable of penning a "hit" tune. To a certain extent the ploy worked. Herr-



John Williams discusses *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* with director Steven Spielberg.

mann argued back and was replaced. The finished score, however, no more provided Hitchcock with a "hit" than the earlier one had, and Herrmann, out of work and caught in the midst of the rock rebellion in Hollywood, was to find no further work until several years before his death. Now, through the efforts of a champion in the person of Elmer Bernstein, the "lost" score for Hitchcock's *Torn Curtain* has been rescued and recorded.

Available through Bernstein's private Film Music Collection and recently issued commercially by Warner Brothers Records as well, the single missing score by Bernard Herrmann nearly remained lost forever. Although Bernstein had made a valiant appeal to Universal for release of the historic score, rumor had it that in a fit of self-consumed conceit, Hitchcock himself had attempted to block the arrangement. Happily, financial greed reared its reliable head and the studio agreed to sell the rights to Bernstein.

Somber and morose, the cold-war inspired score is a quiet, downbeat composition that, sadly, will not be remembered as one of Herrmann's better creations. The main title theme is strangely reminiscent of *The Kentuckian*, although much more restrained. The score, at best, is only second-rate Herrmann and perhaps the least effective of the Hitchcock collaborations. *Torn Curtain* will be treasured more for its historical significance than for any intrinsic value of its own.

Easily the finest musical anthology of the year, Fred Steiner's *The Kentuckian* for Entracte is a splendid, highly satisfying presentation that offers Herrmann's marvelous *Kentuckian* on one side, while serving generous por-

tions of *Down to the Sea in Ships* by Alfred Newman, *In Love and War* by Hugo Friedhofer, and *Sunrise at Campobello* by Franz Waxman on the other. Steiner's feel for the individual flavor of each composer's work, displayed brilliantly last year with *King Kong*, is shown to further advantage here, particularly with the exciting score for *The Kentuckian*. The most moving selection of the disc, however, is Franz Waxman's *Sunrise at Campobello*, an exhilarating testament to the spirit of mankind, lovingly performed by Steiner and the National Philharmonic. Steiner, a dedicated musicologist, has demonstrated once again that he is the most skilled interpreter of film music in records today.

In 1936, England's HMV label became the first company to release the score of a motion picture on record. The score by Sir Arthur Bliss for H.G. Wells's *Things to Come* was among the first important film scores of the sound era and remains enormously popular today. In 1958, the composer recorded a suite for RCA Records which, although out of print for many years, was reissued by London Treasury Records in England several years ago. Shortly before his passing, the late Bernard Herrmann collaborated with orchestrator Christopher Palmer in presenting a new, expanded suite featuring previously unrecorded selections from the film for London's *Great British Film Scores*. Now, again from England, comes an entirely new album entitled *A Colour Symphony* which combines all of the previously assembled sections to produce a complete side of music from the film, more than has ever been recorded. Sir Charles Groves conducts the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in a mar-



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velous recording for EMI.

From Citadel Records in California comes a strange compilation entitled *Frankenstein, Dracula, The Mummy, The Wolfman and Other Old Friends*. Half the record is devoted to the soundtrack of *Horror Express*, a quite forgettable score by John Cacavas, while the second side, *Horror Rhapsody*, is a thirty-year-old "suite" utilizing some memorable themes from Universal's second horror cycle. Initially intended as a vehicle only for *Horror Express*, Citadel discovered to its horror that half the score had been lost or "misplaced." Having to fill another side, they decided to use a forties-assembled tape recording performed at Universal during the period. The album is of dubious quality. The Cacavas tapes were probably destroyed by a music lover. The Universal themes partially fill a need long overdue in presenting at last the admirable talents of Hans J. Salter. Still, the tapes chosen represent the inferior recording techniques of the day, placing the doubtful wisdom of the entire project very much in question.

Yet another questionable project is British RCA's release, *The Spectacular World of Classic Film Scores*, largely a rehash of cuts from previously distributed albums by Charles Gerhardt and the National Philharmonic. The bait on this one is that it features several selections excluded from those other records. Among these is a ten-minute suite from Dimitri Tiomkin's *The Thing (from Another World)*. The suite, ill-advised and ill-performed, is virtually unrecognizable. The album jacket boasts six "previously unreleased selections." An interesting claim, that, considering that one of the so-called unreleased selections is a brief, ten-second fanfare for Universal Pictures.

Bernard Herrmann's brilliant main title for *King of the Khyber Rifles* has been excluded from this selection in favor of something called *Attack on the Mountain Stronghold* from the same film. Hardly the best example of Herrmann's style, this ponderous piece amounts to little more than a drum solo. One wonders, in the light of this, why an additional suite by Tiomkin from *Dial M for Murder* was deleted from the disc at the last moment.

Richard Attenborough's failed anti-war film, *A Bridge Too Far*, provided one of the finest new film scores of the last year. A tank commander with the 23rd Hussars at Normandy, composer John Addison lived the action upon which the picture is based. Perhaps uniquely gifted to score the film, Addison has written a stirring and eloquent tribute to his comrades in arms. The score, available on United Artists Records, is the highlight of Addison's sporadic career.

If a single composer has exemplified the continued brilliance of music in world cinema, from the inception of sound motion pictures in 1926 until the present day, it would be Miklos Rozsa. No other serious composer has retained the impressive consistency of excellence in countless film after film for over forty years that Rozsa has admirably maintained. The symphonic score has not been more ably served or more hauntingly expressed than when composed by Miklos Rozsa. It is doubtful that a more sincere or distinguished gentleman than Rozsa has ever graced these shores. With wisdom, wit, and an astounding zeal for his life and work that belie his seventy-one years, Miklos Rozsa's very presence in our midst is a continuing beacon of hope, a gentle reminder that we can





Miklos Rozsa conducts the MGM Symphony Orchestra for the soundtrack of *Ben Hur*.

aspire to greater heights, that we can be better than we are.

The clarity and depth of Miklos Rozsa's genius continue to inspire through the medium of recordings as works past and present are committed to posterity. Alain Resnais's first English-language film, *Providence*, gave voice to the most exquisite and richly expressive work by the master since *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*. A tender, lovely theme expressed in full orchestration on the French soundtrack album heightens the listener's awareness of Resnais's tragedy, and may rather effectively induce a lingering sense of melancholia, coupled with more than a passing tear. Such is the sensitivity, the passionate force of a romantic work by the composer. The album, released only in France, is available on EMI-Pathé.

The third and final album in Polydor's Rozsa trilogy is, happily, the best. *Rozsa Conducts Rozsa* is a gem,

a splendid anthology conducted by Rozsa with the Royal Philharmonic that includes suites from *Julius Caesar*, *The Killers*, *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*, and *Five Graves to Cairo*. The composer's carefully constructed suites offer the listener an exhilarating performance, breathtaking in their execution. There is an urgency about the film music of Miklos Rozsa that seems to quicken the pulse and rhapsodize the heart. It cannot be spoken about, but must be experienced. *Rozsa Conducts Rozsa* is such an experience.

In the first of two albums for London-Phase 4, Rozsa has joined the National Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus for a striking treatment of the composer's most honored score, *Ben Hur*. Aside from *More Music from Ben Hur* which Rozsa himself conducted under the pseudonym of Erich Kloss, this is the first time that the composer has conducted a major recording of the score from the William Wyler spectacle. With Phase 4's legendary clarity, the score comes remarkably alive. This is a tight, professional performance, with Rozsa retaining rigid command of the highly disciplined Philharmonic. While some might argue that the orchestrations differ in part from the original score, it must be realized that all popular and symphonic compositions are subject to the individual interpretation of their conductors. If the composer himself decides to color his creation, surely the result will be merely a fascinating variation of essentially the same work. With, perhaps, slightly fresh concepts imperceptibly shading the hue of a masterwork, London's new *Ben Hur* is a magnificent recording.

Plans were afoot in 1968 to release a soundtrack recording for MGM's *The*



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Power when Jesse Kaye, former head of MGM Records, canceled the project. Sparked by the unexpected failure of the film and the increasing popularity of rock-oriented discs, the album was shelved. Through the efforts of The Miklos Rozsa Society and the kindness of producer George Pal, the original master tape of the music has been pressed onto a limited-edition soundtrack recording from Citadel Records. Entitled simply *Film Music--Miklos Rozsa*, the album offers ten cuts from the thrilling score in stereophonic sound, with an additional seven unreleased bands in mono from Rozsa's *Sodom and Gomorrah*. Only five hundred copies have been pressed, and are available exclusively through A-1 Record Finders--P.O. Box 75071--Los Angeles, California 90075.

Worthy of participation, incidentally, is The Miklos Rozsa Society, developed and maintained with admirable dedication by Mary Peatman and John Fitzpatrick. It is the most rewarding and literate of the many film music societies, and membership is sincerely recommended to anyone with the slightest legitimate interest in the music of the movies. Inquiries may be directed to Mary Peatman--319 Avenue "C"--No. 11-H--New York, N.Y. 10009.

The most recent of Elmer Bernstein's Film Music Collection endeavors is Miklos Rozsa's score for MGM's *Madame Bovary*. This was Rozsa's first score for Metro under his new contract in 1949, and the beginning of an entirely new aspect of his career. Here was a wiser, more mature Rozsa leaving behind him the tumultuous expressions of Cinema Noir and the gangster cycle for a period of richly introspective discovery. For the

next twenty years Rozsa would explore and mine the resources of his ever-expanding musical awareness with increasing intensity, culminating with the tragic passion of *Lust for Life* and, at last, the overpowering grandeur of *Ben Hur*. It began here, however, with Vincente Minnelli's *Madame Bovary*, a grand romantic overture of symphonic dreams to come.

A darkly suggestive "Prelude" begins Emma Bovary's cinematic waltz, arousing suspicions of the tragedy awaiting Flaubert's damned heroine, and conjuring images recalling the doomed tenants of Rozsa's former musical frames. "Leon's Love" is a richly expressive, finely textured passage. Provocative and sensual, it is among the most hauntingly lovely melodies ever written for the screen. The famous "Madame Bovary Waltz" is presented here for the first time in its entirety. If performed a trifle too slowly, the joy of a complete performance is ample compensation. Elmer Bernstein again leads the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in a splendid interpretation of a landmark score. If a complaint is to be registered at all with Film Music Collection, it will not be with performance but, rather, with the shamefully lax mailing schedule of records in release, and with the quality of pressings. *Madame Bovary* is the shoddiest pressing since *The Silver Chalice* from the early days of the society.

The Royal Philharmonic has grown well acquainted over the years with the music of Miklos Rozsa. It was they who first performed *Quo Vadis* for the soundtrack of the motion picture in 1950. It was altogether fitting, then, that they should perform with Rozsa once again on the first modern re-



cording of this epic work in nearly thirty years. Decca Phase 4 in England has just released a superb recording of this brilliant, awe-inspiring gem from the early days at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A forerunner of his many later biblical works, *Quo Vadis* became the first of the composer's accurate historical representations, and led him to Rome for the first time for the purpose of researching the cultural heritage that would inspire his score.

In breathtaking Phase 4 stereo, this astonishing work is preserved and enhanced in all of its splendor. "The Burning of Rome" comes vividly to life as a frightening, almost supernatural occurrence under the baton of Miklos Rozsa. It is a thrilling re-creation from which the listener can nearly feel the burning flames licking hungrily at his feet. "Ave Caesar" celebrates the triumph of Rome's military might with pomp and pageantry. It is a glorious tribute to a once majestic civilization. The "Finale" is a deeply inspirational work that lifts one's senses in joyous expectation of rewards to be found only, perhaps, on a higher plane of existence. Such is the talent, the genius of Miklos Rozsa...a simple, unassuming man whose spirit, talent, and inner beauty have made more meaningful the orbit of those who surround him.

Quo Vadis was the second in a series of proposed albums by Rozsa for London/Decca Phase 4. Sadly, it is rumored that the recording company will soon see its demise. Mismanagement is reported to be the reason. The score for *The King of Kings* which was to have been recorded in England in the Fall has now been canceled. Conventional London recordings will continue, however.

It is further rumored that Rozsa's score for Billy Wilder's latest effort, *Fedora*, may become another *Torn Curtain*. While the music is reportedly Rozsa's loveliest creation in years, Billy Wilder has been pressured by the financiers at the Bavarian Film Studios in Germany to remove large portions of the score in favor of a more "contemporary" sound. Wilder has been advised by his backers that the music is too old-fashioned and will hurt the picture's chances for success. After a long series of failures at the box office, Wilder is apparently running scared. The wisdom of this decision is dubious at best, and criminal at its worst. With shortsightedness typical of motion-picture producers, the success and enormous popularity of John Williams's "old-fashioned" symphonic scores is being virtually ignored while the master of that concept is being deprived of his right to make additional contributions to an art that he helped to create.

As it is the younger directors who have been largely responsible for returning the symphonic film score to the motion-picture soundtrack, may we respectfully suggest that John Williams cannot write it all. Bernard Herrman is gone, but while he lived his talents were shamefully ill used. There remains Miklos Rozsa, the inspired recipient of three Academy Awards, a composer of incalculable gifts. We urge the more thoughtful members of the film community--Steven Spielberg, Brian DePalma, and George Lucas--to renew the spirit of wonder inherent in such music, and to return to an undernourished culture the world of Miklos Rozsa.

-STEVE VERTLIEB



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